The
POWER
OF:
bfb/tpot au

Prologue - The Beginning of the End

Hello!! I've pretty much read all of the good Bfb/Tpot AU's out there so I thought I might make my own! I hope to continue this for as long as I can, or until I finish the book. Enjoy! While making this, I was listening to the ONE OST,
so I recommend checking it out if you want the vibe.

The stars shimmered in the dark sky, casting a soft glow over the world below. Liy frowned, frustrated at how easily a beautiful night could be ruined. She stretched, the leaves rustling around her as she stayed alert. It had been a long time since she'd seen another survivor. She wondered how they were doing.

Ever since she took that deal, things felt... off. Her past crept into her thoughts—memories she thought she'd buried. Sometimes, she felt a deep unease, as if something dark lingered just beneath the surface. She tried to push it away, reminding herself of her strength, but doubts still haunted her. Were others struggling like she was? That thought comforted her, if only slightly.

Liy had been alone for a while. At first, she enjoyed the peace, but eventually, she missed her friends—even Death Pact. She thought back to the good times before her elimination. Maybe she had been wrong to blame them. The thought made her shake with uncertainty. No, they had betrayed her. They would regret it.

Wait—was that a dark thought? Liy flinched. She had promised herself she'd never go back to that life. The contract was supposed to protect her from this. So why did she still feel the pull of her past? She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to drown out the thoughts, but they clung to her.

She needed a distraction. Maybe she could focus on the sun's warmth, the trees' rustling, or memories of nights spent laughing with friends. But even those felt distant, overshadowed by the weight of what she had done. Could she ever truly escape it? She took a deep breath, trying to ground herself. This was just a moment of weakness, right? She had to stay strong—she couldn't let herself slip.

Weeks—maybe months—had passed since her elimination. It was hard to tell. Life had been moving forward, challenges came and went. But in the end, those who failed ended up here, in the strange place called E.X.I.T. Who even named it that?

Getting eliminated hurt, but Liy knew it was inevitable. She had never really stood a chance against the others. So she sat back and watched the game from the sidelines. But E.X.I.T. was full of bad memories. She tried to push past them, but the nagging feeling remained. Why was she still trying? The others said it was "for her mental health," but that didn't sit right with her. No—she had something to prove. She had to show them she was stronger than they thought. (Was she taking this too far again?)

Then, one day, a strange new number appeared, offering another competition. The number was Two, she recalled. In all honesty, it's been quite a while since the whole thing happened. Two had offered to take 40 contestants to take part of 'The Power of Two' or something similar.

As sides formed, the two original hosts finalized their plans. After hours of debate (and some bribery), Four, X, and Two announced there would be two shows: the original BFB and the new TPOT.

Just when the contestants thought everything was set, a flash of light engulfed them. When it faded, the old hosts were gone—vanished without a trace. Confusion spread. Liy recalled the mutters of her old friends.

Then, from the glow, a new algebralian appeared, brimming with energy.

And just like that, everything changed.

The number introduced themselves as One with a playful laugh, their smile both inviting and unsettling. And from now on, this would be One's show. No debates. No second chances.

The first and only challenge?

Survive.

Woah! Liy POV for the prologue? I wanted to give context for what was happening, and I thought she'd be the perfect candidate. The next character POVs will be random, but expect the book to be slightly Death Pact-centric (most AU's don't even realise that Black Hole could literally end the book in seconds.) Don't worry, I've included more than enough other POVs of your favourite characters!

Chapter 1 - Risks and Others

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Golfball snapped, kicking small pebbles toward a cliff. "No! I won't come with you. This is just a stupid waste of time."

Golfball sighed. "Look, I'm sorry, Tennisball, but I'm not going to risk searching for others when we might be spotted by one of them. You know they won't spare you—possessed or not. It's against their contract anyway; they work for One now."

"But GB, they don't want to. It's not their fault they got blackmailed into making a deal with One. If One captured me—or anyone else you care about—wouldn't you sign a contract to save us?" Tennisball argued.

Golfball grunted, avoiding eye contact. Ever since the contestants had been separated, it felt as if their relationship was melting apart. It might just be the atmosphere, who knows. Finding Tennisball had been a miracle, maybe she should be grateful that he isn't dead yet.

She sighed, finally giving in. "Alright... fine. We'll do it your way—for now. Just make sure to stick close."

She glanced at her companion before walking toward the exit of their temporary camp.

The camp was hidden deep within a dense forest, well-concealed from prying eyes. Tall trees surrounded them, their thick trunks and wide branches forming a leafy canopy that allowed only specks of moonlight through. Soft patterns of light danced across the mossy ground, which was covered in fallen leaves. It wasn't as comfortable as her underground factory, but it had become a refuge, atleast.

Each day blurred together. To survive, they foraged—gathering

berries, nuts, and sometimes fish from a nearby creek. Meals were small, nothing like what she had in BFB, and hunger gnawed at them (which was strange, since they never felt hungry). But the fear of being discovered by their hunters kept them quiet and focused.

The forest was both a sanctuary and a prison. Every sound felt amplified—the rustling leaves, distant bird calls, and the occasional snap of a twig. Golfball had made the camp as secure as possible, using what little they had. In her pocket, she carried a worn photograph with her and TB in it—a reminder of a world that no longer existed.

Despite everything, she found herself now appreciating the life that remained. The forest was alive with the hum of insects and the scurry of small animals. Butterflies flitted among the flowers, and squirrels darted through the branches. Sometimes, a deer would pass through, although, it was rare.

At the center of the camp, a fire crackled, surrounded by logs for seating. Four makeshift tents stood nearby, offering just enough shelter. A water tank sat at the outskirts, crucial for their survival. Golfball had prepared for emergencies, knowing that finding clean water without attracting attention would be a challenge.

She entered her tent, ready to set off with Tennisball. She stuffed her reliable backpack with essentials: water, food, matches, and other supplies. Just as she reached for her weapons, a voice interrupted her.

"Oooo—where are you going? Can we come?"

Golfball nearly jumped, instinctively grabbing her box cutter. Another voice echoed from nearby, positioned similarly to the first.

"Usually, I wouldn't agree with Pillow, but YEAH! If you're going somewhere, shouldn't we know too?"

Golfball groaned and called over to Tennisball, who was busy planning their route. He seemed surprised, as if he hadn't expected her to consult him.

"Uhm, well... we kind of forgot about you two. Maybe ask GB if you two can come with us?" he suggested, nudging her encouragingly.

Golfball sighed, she was hoping she didn't have to make the decision. "Hm, well, I guess Pen would be useful. But Pillow should stay behind. We don't want her accidentally causing a ruckus and getting us killed."

After several minutes of hurried packing, the expedition was ready. Before they left, Golfball turned to Pillow with a stern expression. "Whatever you do, Pillow, don't leave the camp unguarded."

Pillow gave a happy nod. Golfball couldn't shake the feeling that she didn't care much. As they glanced back at their campsite—a cluster of tents nestled beneath towering trees—anxiety gnawed at Golfball. They were leaving the murderer in charge. What if she betrayed them?

The trio ventured into the eternal night.

Ever since One had arrived, daylight had vanished, leaving only the moon and stars to illuminate the world. One called the darkness beautiful, but for the contestants, it was a curse. The plant-based objects—Tree, Flower, Leafy, and Grassy—suffered the most. Without sunlight, they grew weaker by the day. Golfball wasn't sure, she thought that only two of them were still holding on.

Golfball had mixed feelings about the darkness. Nights had always been calming for her—the twinkling stars, the quiet conversations with Tennisball about new inventions, the chirping crickets as she reflected on past challenges. But now, the night was endless. It felt suffocating.

After walking for hours, they finally stopped to rest.

"I don't think we'll find anyone here," Pen muttered, glancing around their temporary resting place.

Golfball looked expectantly at Tennisball. "Tennisball, let's go back now. It's clear no one is here."

Tennisball sighed, meeting her gaze. He didn't want to give up. There

had to be something here—a clue, a lead, anything that could help them.

"Golfball, can we talk?" He glanced at Pen. "Alone."

Pen sat down on one of the logs near their campfire, idly tracing shapes in the dirt. A familiar ache of loneliness settled in his chest. He missed Blocky and Eraser—his closest friends. Seeing familiar faces like Golfball and Tennisball was a small comfort, but it wasn't the same.

He watched them as they huddled together in quiet conversation. Their closeness stung. They had each other. Meanwhile, he sat alone, staring at the fire, feeling like an outsider.

The warmth of the flames did little to ease his unease. He knew they were all struggling, but it didn't make his isolation any less painful. He glanced toward the sky—the vast, ink-black void above them. The moon shone brightly as always.

Maybe he could talk to Pillow later, just to pass the time. She was a bit... bloodthirsty, sure, but at least it would be a conversation. Not that he expected her to care much.

Still gazing into the sky, he held onto hope.

Maybe he could find his friends again.

In case you are confused, the people who signed One's contract are obliged to work for One whenever they need it, no matter what the cost. One usually promises the victim what they want most, and usually pays less attention to the E.X.I.T-ors, as they aren't as important to them and the plan in general. This is why Liy isn't affected that much

So far, there are only a few groups with more than 3 people, with Golfball's group being one of them. A large shockwave separated everyone and scatted all contestants around the world. Finding each other would be almost impossible, and One is closing the borders (and causing conflict) almost every day.

Chapter 2 - Are we there yet?

Hey again! It's nice to see you. I've started experimenting with different POV's, but eventually everyone will get together, and I'll focus on the main 3.

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"We're never going to get there at this rate..." "Can't you just fly us there?!" "You're too heavy, Pencil!! You really expect me to carry you to the other side of the forest?" "Fine... I guess not..."

Lightning hovered in the air, uneasy. The wide-open sky made him vulnerable to being seen by One, which terrified him. The thought of being discovered sent chills through his body. Flying not only made him visible but also put him and his friends at risk.

His thoughts raced. What if he accidentally hurt Pencil while flying? She had been somewhat of a great ally, even if she could be a bit controlling sometimes. The thought of her in danger made Lightning anxious. He didn't want to be alone. Pencil was the only companion he had left. With almost half of the original 64 contestants already dead, Lightning understood the seriousness of the situation. Each elimination reminded him of the dangers, and he couldn't shake the feeling of dread. He didn't want his name added to that list, nor did he want to see anyone he kmew to meet the same fate.

He and Pencil were making their way back home after a successful food hunt, their bags filled with all sorts of tasty treats, when they suddenly realized they were lost in the thick, tangled underbrush of the forest. The tall trees loomed overhead, their leaves rustling gently in the breeze, but all around them, bushes and thorny vines twisted together like a jumbled puzzle. The winding paths seemed to disappear, leaving them disoriented in this green maze. It was a strange thought, but even objects like them needed food—except for

special cases like Cake, Gelatin, and Lollipop, who seemed to be fine without it.

As they moved cautiously, trying to retrace their steps, Lightning's mind drifted to the past. He remembered the day he and Fanny had come to this part of the forest, sharing tales of their journey while gathering juicy blackberries. Before One arrived, he never thought those berries would be so important. But now that they were competing in One's game, food was scarce. Every scrap mattered.

Pencil had changed since Match went missing. She had become more accepting, more open about herself. Lightning knew she still missed Match, though. He couldn't blame her. These were hard times for everyone.

His mind turned to Fanny, his best friend. He had heard rumors that she had accepted One's deal, which frightened him. One's contract was a death sentence for the free-willed. Those who signed were bound to her, forced to serve her and hunt down the remaining contestants. Most only accepted the deal out of desperation. Lightning had heard that most objects had given in, leaving only a handful still free. He and Pencil were among them.

If he were captured, the consequences would be disastrous. One would turn him into a weapon, a tool of destruction. Lightning knew he was powerful—too powerful. If One controlled him, he could single-handedly wipe out the few survivors left. The only good thing about being a force of nature was that capturing him would not be easy. He was fast, unpredictable, and dangerous. But One was resourceful. She never did the dirty work herself; she had minions for that.

Lightning and Pencil continued walking. As he glided slightly above the ground, he noticed signs of life—old campfires reduced to ashes, footprints in the dirt, and the occasional rustling in the underbrush. Others were out here, hiding just like them. Maybe they could find more survivors. Strength in numbers was their best shot at making it through this nightmare.

Pencil, on the other hand, was lost in thought. Since Match had disappeared, she had been trying to be strong, but deep down, she

missed her. Pencil knew she had made mistakes before, especially with how she treated some of the other contestants. She wasn't proud of it, but there was no time for regret now. Survival was all that mattered.

A chilly breeze swept through the trees. An owl hooted nearby. The perpetual night was unsettling, but Lightning's luminescent body ensured there was always light. That was one comfort, at least.

After a few more minutes of walking, exhaustion set in. "We should rest here. We can continue after," Pencil suggested. The spot looked like an abandoned resting area, untouched for days.

Lightning mumbled, "What if we can't find our way out?"

Pencil gazed at the artificial moon above, trying to track the passage of time. It was hard to tell how long they had been walking. Just as the silence settled between them, the bushes rustled.

Lightning panicked. "Pencil! Quick, over here!" He urged his companion to hide.

Pencil dived under the thick bushes, her heart racing. The leaves rustled softly around her, forming a natural barrier between them and whatever was out there. She glanced at Lightning, who crouched beside her, tense and alert. His body crackled with small sparks, a sign of his anxiety. She could feel the energy in the air, thick with tension.

"Do you think they saw us?" she gasped.

Lightning shook his head, scanning their surroundings. Every second stretched endlessly as they remained still, listening. The rustling grew louder. Shadows moved beyond the trees. Then, a figure emerged.

Their silhouette was sharp against the dim glow, and soon, others materialized beside them. Pencil's breath caught in her throat as she recognized the voice that followed.

"We can see you, you know. Who are you, and what are you doing at our base.

Chapter 3 - Last of Air

HELLO! I HAD ALREADY WRITTEN THIS CHAPTER AND A FEW OTHERS BEFORE TPOT 15 CAME OUT, BUT RAHHH WE WERE FED FR! Black Hole was absolutely having a panic attack that episode, can't blame him though. Looks like episode 2 isn't the worse day of Black Hole's life anymore.

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Black Hole was exceptionally careful as he navigated through the chaotic surroundings, making it a priority not to drop either Bottle or Pie. He understood the fragility of Bottle; she was made of delicate glass and would shatter instantly if she hit the ground. Every slight movement caused him to tense as he focused on ensuring her safety. Pie, although not quite as precarious to carry, was still in a perilous situation. If she were to tumble from his grasp, her fate would not be much better than that of Bottle.

As he moved, Black Hole swung them around himself, using his strong gravitational pull to levitate everyone through the air. While it might have seemed like a straightforward task, the effort of carrying his companions for days were gradually wearing him down. But, certain responsibilities came with challenges, and this was one of those moments where he realized that some things simply had to be done, no matter the cost to himself.

Maintaining a sharp awareness of their surroundings, he made sure to stay relatively close to the ground, skimming just above the surface. He was aware of the danger lurking around them and did his best to keep Pie and Bottle well hidden from any potential threats. It was a treacherous world they inhabited, filled with unpredictable dangers, and his protective instincts kicked in. Every moment he kept them secure kept him sane. Hah. It was strange how Black Hole still had sanity.

Before everyone got separated, Black Hole quickly grabbed the two closest teammates next to him, acting fast to make sure they stayed together. He knew that if he didn't step in, they would be swept away like everyone else. With a firm grip, he pulled them close, using his strong gravitational pull to protect them from the wind. Thanks to his special abilities (and the fact that he was a literal black hole), the shockwaves didn't affect him, allowing him to stay steady.

Despite the wind swirling around them, the three remained in their original spot, thanks to Black Hole. He remembered with each passing moment, he had felt the strain of One's power pushing against him, but he held on tightly, driven by a sense of duty to protect them both. In the end, his focus and strength paid off, and he managed to keep them safe, despite everyone else flying away. The weight of carrying two objects for days wasn't easy. He never thought black holes could ever get tired; he was wrong.

Pie was thankful she had been grabbed by her teammate. Bottle would've probably died permanently if they had accidentally hit something. It's strange, permanent death was kind of a new thing to everyone. Pie hoped that people would change their minds about death, as soon as this was over. At this point, two out of the three Death Pact members had given up on preventing death. They've accepted that the only way to survive is to prevent someone's survival. Even Black Hole had second thoughts, although Pie doubted he would kill thousands of innocent objects if someone told him too.

"Found anyone yet?" Black Hole questioned.

"Nup, no one in sight... Are you alright Black Hole? You seem exhausted." Pie commented, noticing the other's weird behaviour. Usually, it was hard to tell Black Hole's emotions. He didn't have a facial expression, and his voice was always monotone. This time, the fatigue was obvious, he was occasionally stopping or sometimes dropping Pie or Bottle briefly before 'picking' them up again.

"Hehe, it's quite a good view from up here." Bottle noticed, pointing towards the ocean.

"Be careful, Bottle, you don't want to crack again— and no Pie, I'll be fine." Black Hole replied.

Black Hole hovered the gang over a canal.

It had just rained a day ago, the water was flooding towards a nearby cave. Pity, it would've been a great hiding spot for survivors. Who knows, someone might have been living there a while ago. The weather has been strange recently: a few days ago, we had snow and hail at the same time, followed by a heatwave, of all things. Was this part of One's plan? Probably.

The bizarre weather didn't really affect Black Hole, but he took it upon himself to care for his two companions. During the hail rain, he had sucked up all the large bits of hail that might damage Bottle whilst also making sure Pie stayed warm so she wouldn't freeze. All this was tiring him out even more, but he was sure a good night's rest could solve everything.

Black Hole continued up the canal, which meandered gracefully as it gradually flowed into a wider, more expansive river. The scene was peaceful, the gentle murmur of the water creating a soothing symphony. He always found comfort in the rhythmic flow of water, a comforting presence that calmed his restless spirit, even though he could never swim.

As he glided along, he felt a sense of lightness wash over him, as if heavy weights were being lifted from his shoulders, one by one. The stress and burdens he carried began to disappear in the air, carried away by the soft breezes that whispered through the trees lining the canal. Each gentle ripple in the water mirrored the shifting of his thoughts.

With each passing moment, the world around him seemed to come alive. Starlight danced on the surface of the water, casting playful reflections that sparkled like tiny stars. Owls futtered overhead, their hoots punctuating the quiet mood. He breathed deeply (more like he made the breathing sound), sucking up the crisp, fresh air, and for a moment, he could almost forget all his worries.

Time passed, and Black Hole felt something was off. Usually, he'd hear the occasional sounds of Bottle's remarks or Pie's helpful suggestions, but not a sound was coming from either of them. It had been a few hours at least—way too long for Black Hole's comfort. He

knew his hearing was bad, but it couldn't be that bad.

Maybe it's because they're scared of heights, he thought. That would be a plausible idea; he's heard a lot of objects that wouldn't dare fly. (Especially for days without end.) "A-Are the both of you alright up here? I take it that it must be strange to be flying for long distances of time."

There was no reply.

Black Hole turned his body, noticing that Bottle and Pie weren't with him. He gasped in horror. (Well, more like he made the gasping sound. He couldn't actually gasp, of course.) That solves the mystery of why he felt lighter all of a sudden. This was not going the way he planned it to be.

Meanwhile . . .

She gasped, her lungs screaming for air as she clawed frantically at the icy water, desperate to reach the surface. The relentless current tugged at her glass frame, dragging her deeper towards the shadowy riverbed below. Panic surged through her as she struggled to swim towards the distant shore, each desperate stroke sapping more of her strength. The water felt heavy around her, threatening to drown her in its dark embrace as she struggled against the tide.

Bottle was fortunate that they had been dropped in a river rather than on land. She probably would've been well gone by then- Glass versus solid ground was definitely NOT a good idea. It doesn't mean that she stands a chance in the water either, though. Breaking through the waves one last time, she caught a glimpse of a shady figure from the cliff above her.

Bottle summoned all her strength and began to paddle slowly towards the towering cliff that overlooked the canal, hoping to grasp one of the sturdy stones to propel her up. However, she found herself sinking swiftly down to the river bed.

As she descended, the underwater world revealed itself in stunning detail. Schools of vibrant fish darted by, their scales shimmering like jewels in the filtered sunlight. Clusters of seaweed swayed gently in

the currents. The beauty of it all amazed her as if the ocean was alive and moving in perfect harmony, swaying rhythmically from side to side.

Bottle felt herself weakening from the lack of air. In a feeble attempt, she tried to float towards a piece of driftwood in hopes of floating longer. Her hand slipped, and the plank Unable to hold her breath any longer, she let the current drag her under, curling up into a defence position to protect her glass insides. Instead of feeling the world slip from her, she was transported elsewhere.

Bottle found herself in a cozy room. Opposite her were two cushioned seats, one of which she had claimed for herself, their fabric soft and slightly worn. A sturdy wooden table stood between the chairs, its surface cluttered with assorted papers and contracts.

To one side, a charming little cabinet rose up, its top adorned with a ceramic mug, slightly chipped but still vibrant. The walls were adorned with whimsical plastic stars that sparkled like Ruby, reminding her of a young child's bedroom.

Above her, the ceiling was transformed into a dazzling replica of the solar system, complete with planets suspended from the ceiling, each rotating slowly on flimsy strings. The sight was hypnotic, immersing Bottle in a world beyond her own. Suddenly, a voice echoed through the room, causing the bottle to shiver.

"Hello Bottle! It's nice to finally meet you!"

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Looks like Bottle is in quite the pickle! I wonder where Pie went, hopefully she's a good swimmer (unlike Bottle, R.I.P). Lets see how the others are doing.

Chapter 4 - Welcome Home

Pillow was SO BORED! Her friends had left her to go on an adventure without her, so she was stuck here guarding the camp. She regretted finding Pen by himself, saving him from Robot Flower (who was already possessed). It would have been much more interesting if she watched him suffer than let him live. Oh well, what's done is done.

She might as well go out exploring, after all, Golfball can't control her. What did she expect her to do while everyone was gone? Talk to herself? The camp wasn't in the best shape since everyone left, mainly because she didn't bother to clean everyone else's items, so it would be nice to have an escape from reality. Pillow stood up, exiting the camp and headed towards a nearby creek.

When the chaos had scattered everyone in different directions, she had relied on the refreshing water from the crystal-clear creek to sustain herself. As a Pillow, she didn't require rest like other beings; it was simply woven into her essence as a sleep-based object. If she had possessed the need for slumber, this serene spot would undoubtedly have lured her into its gentle embrace. Since that fateful moment, the creek had carved out a special place in her heart and moral compass.

She cherished the quiet days when she would cool off from the heat of the day or pour her thoughts into the pages of her journal.

The creek was shrouded by dense, vibrant green lichen that hid its existence from the outside world. This secrecy was what Pillow loved most about it; it remained a sanctuary, a special place meant solely for her—a tranquil haven away from the world's distractions. She definitely didn't want pesky light switches to hang out at her favourite spot!!
"Hmph. Liy! What are you doing here?!"

"Oh, Pillow... Erm, this isn't your pond, right? Surely you don't mind if I stay here for a while, I've got nowhere else to go." Liy explained.

"I don't care! Get out now please!" Pillow answered brightly, pointing towards the exit. There was no way that she would let Liy stay here, what would Golfball say?

An awkward silence hung in the air, thick and uncomfortable. The atmosphere felt tense as if something unsaid loomed just outside the edges of the conversation. Suddenly, Liy broke the stillness with a wide grin that seemed a bit too bright. Her hands dove into the mud, fingers sinking into the cool, wet earth. For a fleeting moment, her pupils flashed an intense blue, illuminating her expression in a way that felt eerie. Her movements were quick and almost robotic as if she was being controlled by some unseen force. Pillow watched closely, a knot of unease forming in her stomach. Something about her former teammate felt off, a subtle warning bell ringing in her mind.

"Wait—Pillow, don't you want to hear my plan?" The light switch questioned, her voice crackling slightly as it beckoned Pillow to come closer. The soft glow from the moon above ignited the night, and there was an air of mystery that made Pillow's heart race.

She hesitated for a moment, a flicker of doubt crossing her mind. "Hmph. Depends." Pillow replied, her eyes narrowing in suspicion.

Liy chuckled, a sound that had a cracked tone which made Pillow feel slightly unsettled, even if she would never admit it out loud. Pillow shifted her weight, glancing down at her feet as she listened. "Oh, don't be nervous, Pillow," Liy said, trying to sound encouraging. "It's truly a brilliant idea, really. But the truth is, I need your help to pull it all off."

Pillow crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow, clearly sceptical. By this point, it was obvious that Pillow wasn't buying what Liy was selling. She could feel a flutter of uncertainty in her stomach, and though she wanted to trust her friend, something didn't quite sit right with her. The way Liy spoke made Pillow curious yet wary at the same time, leaving her to wonder just what kind of plan was brewing in Liy's mind.

Pillow opened her mouth as if she was going to say something, but before she could get the words out, Liy pounced onto her with

surprising speed. The sudden weight of Liy caused Pillow to be wrestled to the ground, slowly sinking into the thick, muddy earth beneath them. Feeling the weight of her friend pressing down, Pillow kicked Liy off of her, using all her strength to slam into Liy and push her back.

Liy stumbled a bit but quickly regained her balance. With determination, she backed off and flipped open her hatch, revealing the secret switch hidden inside. It was a clever little feature that strengthened her every skill. However, before she had a chance to turn it on and gain an advantage, Pillow was right there, shoving her hard and preventing Liy from activating it.

Liy grunted in surprise as she was pushed aside but quickly pulled herself firmly back on top of Pillow. In the chaos, she began to rip into part of Pillow's pillowcase, her fingers tugging at the fabric with unease. Pillow flopped under Liy, feeling the weight of her teammate pressing down, and she struggled fiercely to be released from Liy's grasp. Pillow had... lost?

"Looks like you aren't going anywhere, Pillow," Liy said threateningly. "...But I'm willing to give you a chance. Join us, and I'll let you go."
Pillow didn't reply, staring furiously at her teammate. Liy continued "Look, just agree to this paper and I'll set you free."

Out of nowhere, a glowing blue portal opened in the air, casting an unusual light on everything around. A document floated down slowly from above, its edges moving like water. The paper drew attention with its soft glow and danced gently in the breeze. Liy released Pillow from her grasp, slowly backing off from the other object. "Here, not that hard Pillow, just sign and I won't tell anyone this happened," Liy stated, her voice convincing.

"Hmph. FINE! I'll do it," Pillow stated with a hint of frustration. She really didn't have any other choice, did she? With a reluctant sigh, she pressed her fingerprint onto the paper without even taking a moment to read the words written on it. The situation felt urgent, and she didn't want to waste any more time. As soon as she signed, the paper disappeared back through the blue portal.

Liy(?) let out a burst of laughter that echoed eerily, moving in a strange way that made it seem as if she wasn't fully in control of her own body. It was unnerving to watch. Suddenly, Pillow noticed that Liy's blue pupils sparkled, now dotted with tiny, transparent stars that twinkled ominously.

Pillow gasped in surprise, taking a step back instinctively, her heart racing as the unease settled deep within her.

"Don't you love deals?" The Liy but not Liy asked, a sly grin twisting across her face. In the dim light of the creek, the shadows seemed to dance, accentuating the peculiar shift in Liy's voice. It was a tone Pillow hadn't heard before—less melodic, less sincere—more like the flat, cold pitch of a mechanical voice, echoing with an unsettling calmness. It sounded less like Liy and more like... One? Pillow knew she had messed up, big time.

Liy, but not Liy, glanced at Pillow one last time, her expression a blend of satisfaction and defiance, before gracefully exiting the creek and making her way towards the rundown hotel looming in the distance. The night air crackled with an ominous energy, and even the moon seemed to shy away, casting twisted shadows that danced eerily along her path.

In the depths of her mind, malevolent thoughts swirled like a tempest, each one fueling her desire for power and revenge. Liy had always been drawn to darkness, an insatiable hunger gnawing at her soul. The way she moved was almost serpentine, calculating and poised, yet underlined with a sinister grace. She reveled in the chaos she had sown, her laughter echoing in the silence of the night as she recalled the fear etched on Pillow's face.

Something was intoxicating about the control she wielded, the way she could bend situations to her will. The hotel stood before her like a gateway to her ambitions, a crumbling monument that reflected her twisted ascent. With each step, the weight of her wicked intentions pressed upon her, but it only fueled her determination. Maybe One was right about her. She was more powerful, more important even dare she would say, than her teammates. Strange. Wasn't there usually a voice who would tell her to think twice? She brushed it off, maybe it was just her imagination.

... Back at Golfball's Camp

Golfball stood frozen, her heart racing, as she took in the chaotic scene before her. The camp, which had once been filled with laughter and the smell of fresh pine, now lay in complete disarray. Supplies were scattered everywhere, tossed haphazardly in messy piles that looked like they had been created by a storm. Colourful tents, once cozy and inviting, were now ripped and torn, with large, gaping holes that seemed to scream for help.

As she stepped closer, her eyes widened in horror. The food supply, which had been carefully stored in neat boxes, was completely gone. All that remained were empty wrappers and remnants of snacks, a sad reminder of what used to be. The sight made her stomach churn, and she felt a wave of sadness wash over her.

Everywhere she looked, there was dirt and confusion. The cheerful banners that once hung proudly from the tents now drooped pitifully, as if they too were mourning the loss of the camp's joyful spirit. Golfball felt a lump in her throat as she recalled the fun times they had shared, and now, all of that seemed to have vanished in an instant. She was absolutely horrified.

"Pillow... What have you DONE?!"

Chapter 5 - Strange Food

..."Pillow... What have you DONE?!"

Pillow was sitting on the ground, near the ashes of the campfire. The ground near her was uneven and slightly charred, remnants of the campfire scattered about. Patches of burnt grass surrounded the small area, while the soil was dark and damp from the previous night's dew. Bits of ash clung to the earth, with a few twigs and leaves interspersed, giving it a rough, natural texture. Nearby, small stones marked the perimeter of the campfire, their surfaces smooth from years of exposure to the elements. Golfball stared at Tennisball, who quickly whispered something to Pen. The three nodded, all agreeing. Golfball went to confront Pillow as Tennisball and Pen watched behind a bush.

As they were nearing Pillow, Pen squinted his eyes, focusing on the large, round tin positioned next to Pillow. The tin was empty, its surface reflecting the light in a way that highlighted its smooth, metallic sheen. It had a broad, slightly curved rim resembling a pie pan or even a baking dish. The inside of the tin was dull and unadorned, a stark contrast to the vibrant surroundings. There were, however, bits of blueberry jam still stuck on the tin. Strange, it kind of looked like the remains of-

"PIE!?" Pen blurted at Tennisball, recognising the remains. The bushes rustled.

"Pen, is everything alright?!" Tennisball asked, nodding towards Pen. Suddenly, he realised what Pen had said. It's been quite a while since they've seen anyone. Tennisball's expression started to light up in excitement. "Pie? Where?! We have to go save her IMMEDIATELY!"

"...I think it its already too late for that," Pen whispered, pointing towards Pie's tin, crumbs scattered around her. Tennisball's eyes widened in disbelief, his mouth slightly agape as he stared at Pen. "Wait, what do you mean it's too late?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. His heart raced, and he felt a rush of adrenaline. He glanced over at Pie's tin, the scattered crumbs. "We can't just let this happen! I've got to get Golfball." Panic surged through him, and he began to pace, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on him. He hadn't talked to Pie that much before, but he hadn't witnessed a full-out murder either.

"But who would do such a thing?" Tennisball wondered, analysing the possible suspects. Tennisball looked at Pen, before turning back.

"Pillow!" The two agreed, realising at the same time. "I've got to go tell Golfball, Pen!" Tennisball mentioned, heading towards Pillow and Golfball"Pillow!" the two companions exclaimed in unison, their eyes lighting up with the realization that they had both figured it out at the same moment. Tennisball, his mind racing with urgency, announced, "I've got to go tell Golfball, Pen!" He started to stride confidently towards Pillow and Golfball, who were focused in what appeared to be a heated argument.

However, Pen quickly intervened, dragging him to halt Tennisball's progress. With a sense of urgency etched on his face, he pointed towards the two in the midst of their dispute. "If YOU go, Pillow will know that WE know!!" Pen whispered fiercely, a hint of panic in his voice as he firmly held back his campmate. The last thing they needed was for Pillow to be aware of their awareness, and the potential fallout that could follow.

Tennisball bristled at Pen's grip, his mind racing with thoughts of sharing the news with Golfball like they always did. Yet, he understood the point Pen was making; if they weren't careful, they could complicate things further. He glanced back at Pillow and Golfball, their debate escalating.

"Okay, fine." Tennisball conceded reluctantly, his voice barely above a whisper. "But we need to figure out a way to help tell her. We can't just sit back and watch them argue like this." Pen nodded thoughtfully, realizing that a new plan was necessary, one that would allow them to intervene without revealing the news to Pillow. They needed to tread carefully. Tennisball had a great idea.

"Pen, what if you tell Golfball what happened while I keep Pillow busy?" Tennisball suggested, glancing over at the two, his eyes narrowing with focus. "Just make sure she knows that I'm the one who gave it to you; otherwise, she'd get confused and might not believe you."

Pen paused for a moment, considering Tennisball's suggestion. "But--Never mind, that's actually a really good idea," he replied "Alrighto,

let's do it!" With a determined nod, Pen sneaked over to Golfball, making sure to keep low and out of sight as he approached. He knew that timing was crucial. As he crept closer, he realized that Golfball and Pillow were deep in an animated argument. Their discussion seemed to revolve around Pillow's responsibilities, and Pen couldn't help but overhear snippets of their heated exchange.Golfball's voice was rising in frustration.

"You can't just forget about your JOB, Pillow! We all rely on each other!" Focusing on his task, Pen pressed on, trying to tune out the rising tension. Once he was close enough to Golfball, he signalled to Tennisball to keep Pillow busy, knowing that the plan relied on both of their stealth and timing. With a quick glance to ensure Pillow was distracted, Pen pulled Golfball forcefully, away from Pillow's earshot. "Golfball!" he said quickly, urgency creeping into his voice, "I need to tell you something important about what just happened."

"Wha- WHAT ARE YOU DOING PEN!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief as she rushed back towards Tennisball and Pillow. The tone of her voice was a mix of irritation and urgency as she tried to make sense of the situation. "I was just talking to Pillow! You can't stop me, I'm going back to have a chat."

"WAIT!" Pen interrupted, yanking her aside with surprising force, his grip firm as he forced her to listen.

"Pen, let go of me RIGHT NOW!" she demanded, her frustration mounting. "I need to go ask Tennisball about this. We were in the middle of something important!"

"That's exactly why I brought you here!" Pen replied, his voice a blend of urgency and desperation. "Tennisball told me to tell you that *that* thing next to Pillow is Pie. Or, what's left of Pie." He shouted, pointing desperately at Pie's tin, which lay innocently beside Pillow, the shiny metal of its design contrasting against the muted tones of

the surrounding objects.

As she turned to look, the realization hit her like a cold wave. She didn't understand how Pie had ended up here or what exactly Tennisball was trying to convey. Still, Pen's frantic expression indicated that whatever was happening was more important than she had thought. Taking a deep breath, she turned back to Pen, ready to listen as the confusion around them began to deepen.

She looked towards the remains of Pie, her heart sinking at the sight. How didn't she notice before? The dead "body" of Pie was right beside Pillow this whole time, almost blending in with the surroundings. A wave of regret washed over her as she replayed the moments leading up to this. She had been so caught up in her own thoughts and distractions that the signs had been right in front of her. The warm memories of laughter and joy that Pie had brought flooded back, making the loss feel even more profound. She took a deep breath, trying to make sense of it all.

"Pie's... Dead?" Golfball questioned, a hint of panic edging in her voice.

"Pillow's not herself right now. Murderous or not, it's not like her to be so quiet," Pen added, glancing over at her with a furrowed brow. He shifted his position slightly, trying to gauge what was going on in her mind. The usual sparkle in Golfball's eyes seemed dulled, replaced by a distant look that made Pen uneasy.

Before he could continue his thought or find a way to explain more, a sudden shout pierced through the thick silence emanating from where Pillow and Tennisball were standing. The scream was sharp, snapping Pen's attention away from his concerns about Pillow's behaviour. His heart raced as he turned his head towards the source, curiosity and worry intertwining into a knot in his stomach.

"That sounds like Tennisball!" Golfball realised, her eyes wide with concern. Without wasting a moment, she sprang into action, dashing toward the sound of distress. The underbrush rustled around her as she pushed through the thicket, twigs snapping underfoot and leaves brushing against her.

"QUICK! We have to help him!" she called out, her urgency palpable in the air. Behind her, Pen hurried to keep up, weaving in and out of the obstacles that lay in their path. He noticed how Golfball's determination fueled his own resolve, and he quickened his pace, heart racing with the hope that they could reach their friend in time.

As they moved closer to the growing noise, they could hear bits of Tennisball's voice coming through the crowd, rising above the sounds of worry and confusion. With each step they took, his cries became clearer, filled with a sense of fear and urgency. It was obvious that he was in trouble, and as the two friends exchanged glances, a sense of unease settled over them. They both knew deep down that Pillow was the one behind this mess.

When they finally reached the scene, Pen saw Pillow in a messy state. Her case had been torn open, and fluffy stuffing spilled out, showing that something chaotic had happened. Pen hadn't really had a good look at Pillow before, so he wasn't sure if that was from Tennisball or another fight. Her outfit was stained with bits of blue jam, which they guessed probably came from Pie. The sticky blue spots stood out against her usual neat appearance, making her look even more dishevelled. What he thought was unusual though, were the large blue sparkles in her pupils. That was a first.

Tennisball, meanwhile, was backed away from Pillow, looking frightened. He didn't seem to be hurt, but the look on his face showed he was horrified. His round body quivered slightly, and he looked around as if trying to make sense of what was happening. Pillow looked as if she was whispering something to him, holding Pie's pie tin.

Without taking a moment to think, Pen stood still and watched as Golfball suddenly jumped onto Pillow. Golfball dug deep into Pillow's soft case, making it hard for her to move at all. Seeing this, Pen quickly reached out and grabbed onto Pillow's foot. He held on tight, making sure she couldn't get away and come after him. It was a quick moment of chaos, with Pen trying to help and protect himself at the same time. Together, they dragged her towards a small cage made out of vines (something that Golfball had built incase they wanted to hold someone hostage). Pillow shouted in protest, her voice full of anger, trying to break free from the confines of the cage. She clawed

at it like a feral cat, her eyes wide with a mix of anger and disbelief. It didn't budge.

Tennisball, who had recently joined the scene sighed in relief. Golfball walked up to him, making sure he was alright.

"Looks like we'll need to take turns guarding her." Pen pointed out, nodding towards Pillow who was already trying to break free.

"I'll take the first watch, " Golfball stated, "the rest of you go rest." Tired, Pen agreed, heading back towards his tent (which was partially ruined).

The stars twinkled, as moon lit up.

-

YOU WANTED IT? HERE YOU GO ^^

Chapter 6 - Unexpected Visitors

"Was that you, Match?!" Pencil exclaimed with a burst of excitement as she suddenly hopped out from behind the bush. Her eyes widened in disbelief and joy. "I thought One had actually gotten to you and taken you away..." She continued to bounce up and down, unable to contain her enthusiasm.

"I had been stuck with boring Lightning lately, and he was so dull! Every day felt the same with him, just a constant stream of boring conversations," she complained, dramatically rolling her eyes at Lightning, who stood to the side, looking unamused. "I couldn't tell you how happy I was to see you.

"Oh, erm, right." Match looked down at her feet, seemingly focused on something. She shifted slightly, her shoes scuffling against the ground, as if they held all the answers to the questions swirling in her mind. The air around her felt tense, and she could sense the weight of the moment pressing down. With each passing second, she could feel her thoughts racing, pulling her in different directions. The world around her faded slightly hoping they'd finally break through the silence that hung uncomfortably between them.

"Match?" Pencil questioned, her brow furrowing in confusion as she glanced back and forth between Match and Book. There was an air of uncertainty hanging in the air, thick enough to cut with a knife. Book, sensing the tension building in the silence, decided to intervene gracefully. She stepped closer and put a reassuring hand on Match's shoulder, hoping to provide some comfort in the moment. "Match has been acting a bit-- differently than usual lately," Book began, her tone gentle yet firm. "We don't really understand the reasons behind this change in behaviour, and we're trying our best to figure it out." She turned to Pencil, her expression one of sincerity, as she continued, "I

just wanted to explain because I know it can seem a bit puzzling from the outside. I'm sorry for any worry or confusion this might have caused you." Book put bluntly, clearly ignoring any questions.

"Now if you don't mind us, can we have our camp back?" Another voice grunted, who was later revealed to be Eraser. "Like, we don't mind you staying but still, you could've told us first." He added. Lightning turned his head to look at Eraser, who was standing nearby with a scowl on his face. As Eraser spoke, Lightning could sense the annoyance in his voice, and he couldn't blame him. It wasn't exactly polite to just waltz into someone's camp and make yourself at home without any warning.

"Pencil, I think we should leave now." Lightning suggested, awkward at the amount of attention the two were getting. "How about you and Match say goodbye and we can leave? Hopefully?"

Pencil sat by herself, lost in thought. Her mind kept fixating on her chat with Match and Book, specifically the way Match has acted towards her. She couldn't understand why she had completely ignored his questions and acted so strangely. She thought back to how happy they had been together, the laughter and the adventures, and it only made her feel more hurt and confused. She slumped forward, letting out a deep sigh, wishing she could understand what was going through Match's mind. But for now, she was content to sit in his despair, replaying the events over and over again in her mind.

"93nCI1?"

"P3NC1IL?!?!"

"PENCIL!!" Lightning shouted, shaking Pencil from side to side. Lightning continued to shake Pencil, concern etched on his face. "Hey! Wake up!" he exclaimed, his voice urgent. But Pencil remained unresponsive, her eyes vacant and unseeing. After what felt like an eternity, finally, she let out a faint groan, her eyes fluttering open. "W-what... what happened?" he mumbled, her voice slurred. Lightning breathed a sigh of relief, releasing his grip on Pencil's shoulders. "You completely passed out for a few moments. I was worried something had happened to you!"

"Ugh, stop touching me. And yes I'm perfectly fine. Just a bit... shaken I guess." Pencil replied, her voice slightly annoyed. Lightning stepped back, holding his hands up in surrender. "Sorry, I was just worried." he said, his voice sheepish. Pencil huffed, readjusting herself. "I'm fine, really." she said again, although there wasn't the usual Pencil certainty in her voice. It was clear that something was still bothering her, even if she didn't want to admit it.

"Look, if its about Match then I'm sorry. I just wanted to say, I understand how you feel. Y'know, I kind of lost Fanny myself too."

Pencil's expression softened slightly at Lightning's words. She knew he was just trying to help, but the mention of Match only added to her confusion and heartache. "I just... don't understand," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Why did she ignore me like that? It was like I didn't even exist to her." Pencil sighed, "Where are we anyways?"

"Oh, after you blacked out, everyone decided we might as well stay at their base. Eraser, Leafy and Tree had to carry you here. Pencil's eyes widened in horror as Lightning relayed what had happened while she was unconscious. "WHAT!? And you let their filthy hands lay a finger on me? (Hmm, well Eraser and Tree. Leafy's fine.)" She exclaimed, her voice filled with outrage. "How dare you let them do that!? I don't want anyone touching my sleek frame (except for maybe Match.), especially Eraser." She looked at Lightning accusingly, her anger increasing with each passing second.

Lightning sighed, "Well we had to move you somehow. This was kind of the only way." Lightning explained. "Please don't kill me-" Pencil's anger was still palpable, but she knew there was no point in lashing out at Lightning. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down. "Fine. I understand," she said reluctantly. But she couldn't help but still feel a pang of disgust.

"Here look, you can go find Match and sort something out, I'm going to help the others." Lightning explained, looking over to Lollipop, Eraser and Tree who were deep in discussion about borders. Pencil didn't protest. She knew she needed to talk to Match, to get some kind of answer from her. "Okay, yeah. I'll go find her," she said, her voice firm. She glanced over at the others, her resentment still visible

on her face. Then, without another word, she turned and walked away in search of Match.

Pencil walked through the forest where the camp was, her mind preoccupied with thoughts of Match. She wasn't sure where to look first, but she decided to start by checking out the fireplace. She looked around the trees, calling out Match's name, but there was no reply. Frustration was starting to build up in her as she continued to search, but finally, she saw a flash of red in the distance. It was Match, she was sure of it.

Match was sitting alone on the ground, tucked away behind some bushes and trees. It was a secluded spot, where she could be alone with her thoughts. She looked as if she was focusing on something, muttering as if she was arguing with her own mind. The area was quiet, the only sound being the occasional rustling of leaves and the distant calls of birds. She sat there for a while, lost in her own world, her eyes blank and unseeing. She didn't notice Pencil approach until she was standing right behind her.

"Match? What's going on?" She heard Pencil ask, slightly confused. Instantly, Pencil felt something was wrong.

Match jolted out of her thoughts, her mind slowly registering that someone had called her name. She turned to look at the source of the voice, and saw Pencil standing there, looking concerned. "Oh, hey," she said, her voice sounding strained. "Nothing's going on, I just... needed some alone time." Pencil narrowed her eyes slightly, sensing that something wasn't quite right.

"You know Match, if its something about the "incident", you can tell me." Pencil said bluntly. "I totally freaked out when I lost you, and I can't imagine what you went through after One got to you."

Match flinched at the mention of the "incident". It was a memory that still haunted her, and no matter how much she tried, she just couldn't forget. She turned to look at Pencil, her expression unreadable. "It...it's not just that," she said quietly. "I mean, that was horrible, but..." She trailed off, unable to find the right words. "When I lost you, me and Ruby were fighting off against Bell who just signed One's letter. And Ruby, like, like-" Match couldn't continue.

Pencil could see the pain and anguish etched on Match's face. It was obvious that this was something she had been holding in for a while. She placed a comforting hand on Match's shoulder, silently waiting for her to continue, whatever it was.

"...Died."

The word hung in the air like a heavy cloud, the weight of its meaning settling over them both. Pencil felt like she had been punched in the gut, the shock and surprise making her gasp. For a moment, the two objects sat there in stunned silence, the enormity of the news sinking in. Match's eyes glistened with unshed tears, her breath shaky and uneven. Pencil felt a strange mixture of shock and sadness, her mind struggling to comprehend what she had just heard. Ruby was Pencil's best friend, right after Match. Sure, she might be a bit clumsy at times but still, she was still Pencil and Match's friend.

Pencil's heart ached at the news. Ruby had been like a sister to her, her cheerful and optimistic nature brightening up even the darkest days. She tried to maintain her composure, but her voice trembled slightly as she spoke. "Look, I'm sorry Match." Pencil began, trying to seem optimistic. "But we should be focusing on the future, not the past. How about we start planning what to do with the others? That'll be totally fun."

Match didn't reply, staring in the distance.

-

I'M SO SORRY YALL, I HOPE I WROTE THAT RIGHT!! I also got a new PC, so expect slower updates :)

Chapter 7 - Old Friends

Black Hole had just LOST both Bottle and Pie. Was he alright? Physically, of course, mentally? Not so much. Of course, both of his teammates gone because of HIM. Black Hole sighed, staring into nothingness as he replayed the events in his mind over and over again. The feeling of helplessness and self-pity washed over him, with a deep sense of responsibility. He knew that he was the sole reason behind his teammates' deaths, and the thought made his heart ache with guilt and shame.

Black Hole slowly moved over the canal's surface, his senses on high alert as he skimmed over the water. He left no area unchecked, every corner meticulously scanned in his search for any sign of Pie or Bottle. It was fortunate that they had landed in water – he shuddered to think of what might have happened to Bottle if they had landed on solid ground. He scoured every inch of the area, leaving no stone unturned in his determination to find them. But as the days passed, his hope began to waver, and the fear that he would never find them started to take hold.

Black Hole made his way back over the canal, his figure skimming just above the water's surface. He looked deep in thought, his mind going over every possible scenario in search of a way to undo what had already been done. As he moved along, he kept an eye out for any signs of Pie or Bottle, hoping against hope that they might still be nearby. Yet, there wasn't a sign of them anywhere.

He had been searching for a few days at least, without a break. Not needing the basics to survive was one of the only things he liked about being a Black Hole. No food, no water, no sleep – Black Hole did not need for any of those. But he longed for them anyway. He

longed to feel the soft grass beneath his feet, to lie down next to a peaceful lake, to rest and forget about the burden of responsibility that weighed heavily on his shoulders. But he was a Black Hole, and those were nothing but wishful thinking for him. Black Hole tensed as he heard a rustle in the bushes nearby. It was faint, barely audible, but it was there. He slowly made his way over to the source of the sound, peering into the foliage to see what was hidden within. Suddenly, he noticed a flash of movement from below. "Bottle? Pie?!"

Oh, it was just Liy. Black Hole thought for a moment. LIY!? As in his teammate Liy who he thought was dead? Black Hole's surprise was quickly overshadowed by relief. "Liy!" he exclaimed, his voice shaking with a mixture of shock and joy. "Is it really you?" Black Hole was dumbfounded, unable to believe what he was seeing. "I thought you were dead," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I haven't seen you in ages. How are you alive?"

Liy looked surprised, before shaking it off. She couldn't get distracted, but then, Black Hole was an extremely useful asset if she brought him to One. Liy shrugged, a small smirk playing on her lips. "I have my ways," she replied cryptically. Black Hole was... intrigued at her response, a pang of suspicion and doubt flickering in his mind. "Is anyone with you?" She asked, trying to get more information out of her ex-teammate.

Black Hole cringed, which made Liy slightly curious. "W-Well, I was with Pie and Bottle, but I think I dropped them in the canal. Well, that's why I'm here actually, I'm searching for them right now."

Liy raised an eyebrow, her interest piqued. "Hmm, the canal, huh?" she said, her mind working quickly. "And you're searching for them alone?"

Black Hole bristled slightly at her tone. "Well, yeah," Black Hole replied, a hint of defensiveness in his voice. "It's my fault they're missing, so I figured I should be the one to find them." He quickly changed the subject. He didn't want to go over this again.

"Well, I guess I never know what you're up to these days." Black Hole laughed awkwardly, trying his best to start a conversation. He shook himself, before continuing. "But why didn't you come back sooner?"

Black Hole asked, his voice laced with confusion and irritation. "Me, Bottle and Pie were all worried about you, we thought we had lost you."

Liy's expression softened slightly at his words, but after a while, her previous thoughts returned "I had my reasons," she said with caution. "But I'm back now, aren't I?" Liy looked over to the hotel. She doubted that Black Hole knew anything about what she had done to Pillow or anything about her contract with One. "You know, Black Hole, why don't you come with me?" She smiled, waving in a welcoming manner. "I'm just going to the hotel, I'm sure that you're lonely by yourself."

Black Hole hesitated for a moment, a flicker of doubt crossing his mind. He couldn't quite put a finger on it, but something about Liy's offer made him uneasy. Black Hole shook his head (well, body) firmly. "No, I'm sorry," he replied, his voice resolute. "I have to keep looking for Pie and Bottle. I can't afford to take any detours."

Liy's smile faded, replaced by a hint of annoyance. "Are you sure?" she asked, a note of irritation in her voice. "It won't take long. And I'm sure you could use a break, right? Don't you want to make me happy Black Hole?

Black Hole's resolve wavered at Liy's words. The guilt and shame he felt over losing Pie and Bottle gnawed at him, and the thought of disappointing Liy only added to his distress. "I..." he began, his voice faltering. "I'm sorry Liy, I just... can't." He started to fly off, heading away from the hotel. "I'll see you soon, though."

Liy's annoyance turned to anger as she watched Black Hole fly away. She clenched her fists, her eyes burning with irritation. "WAIT! BLACK HOLE!" She shouted, just loud enough to get his attention. She wouldn't just let this opportunity to please One go to waste. If she couldn't convince Black Hole to go himself, she would just make him. Liy wouldn't be able to actually attack him as she did with Pillow, but who says she has to rely on brute force?

Meanwhile, Black Hole paused mid-flight, surprised by Liy's unexpected shout. He turned back to face her, waiting for her to speak. "Who says you had a choice?" She grinned before she flicked

her switch around. Black Hole's eyes widened in surprise as Liy's demeanour switched suddenly, her smile turning into a menacing grin. "Wha- Liy, what are you doing?" he asked, his voice filled with confusion and a hint of fear. Liy smiled, the second advantage to signing the contract: gaining special abilities.

Suddenly, Black Hole felt a sharp pain in brain(?) (Place where he could think? He didn't even know he COULD have a head. Was this what it felt to have a headache? He thought.) Black Hole winced as he felt his mind throb. It was a strange sensation, like a dull throbbing headache that he had never experienced before. He tried to concentrate on what Liy was doing, but the pain made it difficult to focus. Being a being that has never even touched anything before, this felt like "death" to him.

"Wha-What are you doing?" he asked again, his voice filled with confusion and a hint of panic. The pain was getting worse, and he couldn't see what Liy was doing. He tried to lift himself higher in the air, but his body(?) felt heavy and unresponsive. Well... This was new, Black Hole groaned. Then, he realised his body(?) wasn't listening to him at all. "Liy, what did you do to me?" he asked, his voice laced with a hint of anger and fear. He couldn't see her, but he knew that she was nearby, watching him struggle. He tried to move to find her, but he couldn't head towards her.

Liy chuckled, a cold, amused sound that sent shivers down Black Hole's spine. "Let's just say I've taken control," she replied, her voice tinged with a hint of satisfaction, although Black Hole could see she was slightly struggling. "You'll find that you can only move when I say now. One will be so excited when I bring another weapon to her!" Liy claimed proudly, "I'm sure that I'll become her second in command now, instead of stupid Bell..."

Black Hole scoffed, clearly unamused. There was no way a regular object could be able to mind control him. He started to focus, harnessing his energy into his mind, latching off the mental strings that Liy had attached to his mind. Liy noticed her power slowly slipping away. "But... How?!" Liy exclaimed, her jaw-dropping. "I thought One's power would be stronger."

"Liy, that's stupid. You really think One would give you all her

power?" Black Hole sighed, hovering towards her. "Look, I don't want to see you again. Just- leave." Liy was taken aback by Black Hole's response. She had expected more resistance, more of a fight from him. But instead, he had simply let her go, telling her to leave. She didn't stick around to question his motives, though. Instead, she sprinted away as fast as she could, disappearing into the bushes nearby.

Despite his attempts to remain calm, Black Hole couldn't shake off the growing sense of unease and helplessness. Liy was a strong object, yes, but manipulating other objects' minds was a completely different ballpark. He had no idea how she had managed to take control of him so effortlessly. Black Hole floated there for a moment, paralyzed. He had underestimated Liy, and trusted her too much. He felt a mixture of fear, anger, and confusion as he tried to figure out what she had done to him. It was a terrifying feeling, being betrayed by someone who he thought could trust.

He heard another voice, somewhere close enough for him to hear. "Liy- if this is you again I'm not letting you go this time." He started, trying his best to seem intimidating. Black Hole tried his best to sound threatening, his anger and frustration at Liy's actions evident in his voice. He looked around, trying the light switch, before he realised it wasn't a singular object: it was multiple.

"But Golfball, we gotta do something. Look, Liy's gone now. " Someone reasoned, commenting at someone else.

"Look Pen, I don't know how many times I've told you just now. If Black Hole is still under Liy's control. He could KILL US ALL!" The other voice replied, furious.

"Guys... I think he can hear us." Someone interrupted, hushing the first two. The three objects stepped out, revealing themselves to be Golfball, Tennisball and... Pen?

Black Hole was taken aback, surprised to see Golfball, Tennisball, and Pen approaching him. He hadn't expected to see them here, but he couldn't say he was displeased. He felt a mix of relief and confusion as he hovered over towards them. Suddenly, he hesitated. "You aren't going to.. you know, mind control me right?" He questioned,

awkwardly.

"Don't worry buddy, you're safe with us!" Pen replied. "Hey, how about we invite him to our camp?" Pen suggested, looking towards GB and TB.

"Are you crazy Pe-" She was cut short by Tennisball, who nudged her. "Fine, let's go. I guess he could be useful to the team." Black Hole smiled (well at least, he did if he had a face). The four headed towards their camp, catching up on everything that happened.

~

One's mind raced as she hid nearby, watching Black Hole through the leaves. She couldn't help but feel intrigued by how Black Hole had let Liy escape. Maybe she could find a way to use this against him later...

~

Art made by me :3! It's been a while since I've drawn backgrounds, so this was kind of lazy-

WOAH, THIS WAS A HANDFUL! Thanks for all the comments y'all gave me, it motivates me to add more to this series! I'm so glad I can write about my guy Black Hole again, definitely one of my favourite characters. (Shoutout to him as well, vote Black Hole to keep the whole reality of TPOT together-) Also, it must

be known that I don't check the chapters I write again, so expect spelling mistakes!

Chapter 8 - Motion

... A week before Pen found Pillow, Golfball and Tennisball

~

Robot flower longed to be seen as an individual. Maybe that's why they chose to join One. Every day, she would go on a scout and report back to Bell or Stapey after. She's never really talked to One after signing the contract, which she thought was weird. Why tell someone to become part of her army if you aren't going to tell them what to do? As Robot Flower continued to perform her duties for One, she felt a growing sense of dissatisfaction. Despite finding new members and reporting back to Bell and Stapy as usual, there was still a lingering emptiness inside her. She longed for more than just being a pawn in someone else's game.

During her few months here, it's been noticeable that objects have different ranks. Some report to One directly, while others report to other members. Robot Flower thinks there are different teams for various jobs, based on their abilities and who they are, but she doubts anyone trusts her enough to tell her so. It seems like her role as a scout isn't the highest rank out there, the only object that interacts with her is Basketball. Everyone's goal was ultimately the same: to wipe out the remaining survivors or force them to join the other side.

If she had to be honest, she wasn't sure any of the others enjoyed this too. Fanny and Icecube, some of the original people who first accepted the deal, went missing just yesterday. Robot Flower also knew that their inventor (and her close friend), Basketball, also seemed quieter and more distant towards everyone. It was as if the weight of the situation was becoming too much for all of them. Robot Flower glanced at Basketball, who was staring off into the distance, lost in her own thoughts.

Basketball looked over at Robot Flower and met her gaze. They silently acknowledged each other's concern for the missing team members, but neither wanted to give voice to the fear that was building inside them. Robot Flower suddenly felt a nudge on her shoulder. She turned to see Snowball standing next to her. "Robot Flower, it's your turn to scout again." He grunted, pointing towards the exit. "RiGhT," Robot Flower replied, the metallic tone making it hard to distinguish her emotions. She got up and made her way towards the exit, her metal feet clanking against the hard floor. As she approached the exit, a forceful breeze blew in from outside, adding to the uneasy feeling that hung in the air.

Robot Flower stepped out into the cold night and looked up at the sky. The stars above seemed to almost mockingly twinkle back at her as if they were oblivious to the danger that lurked in the darkness. She took a deep breath and started patrolling the area, her mechanical senses on high alert. Her speed made it easy to glide across the land, patrolling the area around the hotel that met the forest. Robot Flower wasn't permitted into the forest, it was too risky for an object to travel alone.

As she neared the edge of the border Robot Flower caught a glimpse of something moving in the shadows. Her sensors immediately went into overdrive, and she cautiously approached the source of the movement. Who would dare step into One's territory alone? Whoever it was must have a death wish. Robot Flower crept closer to the edge of the forest, still on alert.

"WHo's tHerE?" She called, patrolling the area.

No response. Robot Flower took a few steps forward, keeping watch on the area in front of her. Just as she was about to call out again, a voice spoke from behind her.

"H-hey! Robot Flower...?"

Robot Flower whipped around, instantly locking onto the source of the voice. There, standing behind her, was Pen.

"OH, LoOk wHo It iS" Robot Flower mentioned, walking up to Pen. "PeN, WhAt ARe YoU doInG here? On One's tUrf mAy I AdD."

"Whoa whoa whoa, calm down," Pen said, taking a step back. "I'm not here to cause any trouble. Surely you can just- I don't know- let me go?"

"SorRrY PeN, ThaT's NoT an OpTion RiGht Now," Robot Flower said, her scanners fixed on Pen. "You'Re NoT leaVing UntiL I geT moRe infORmatiOn oUt of YoU."

Robot Flower thought for a moment. Would her status be redeemed if she brought Pen to One? Robot Flower pondered the question. If she could bring Pen back to One, she could prove her loyalty and possibly improve her status. It was risky, but it could be worth it. Pen gulped, his heart racing. He had a feeling that things were about to get complicated.

"DoN'T look So ScAred," Robot Flower said, her mechanical voice lacking any empathy. "YoU broughT tHIs uPoN yourSelf." Pen backed up, his back colliding with a tree behind him. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. He was trapped. "DoN't maKe this HarDer thAn it Has to bE," Robot Flower said, her optics glowing brightly. "JUst fOlLow Me, And we cAn bOtH go on oUr mErRy wAy."

"...aND iT WouLd be nIcE iF you AnsWer some QuestiOns as WelL." Robot Flower thought for a moment, ideas running through her circuit. "HoW abOut ThIs ONe? WhEre aRe the reSt oF the survIvors..?"

Pen hesitated, unsure of how much he should reveal. "Why do you want to know where they are?" he asked, trying to stall for time.

"ThAt's nOT for You To knoW," Robot Flower replied, her sensors trained on him. "JuST aNSwer thE queSTion.. and maYbe I'lL leT You Go." Pen's mind raced, trying to come up with a convincing answer. But before he could speak, he heard a sudden commotion from beside him. Both Pen and Robot Flower turned their attention to the source of the noise. It sounded like someone was approaching, coming closer by the second. He strained to see who it was.

"Let go of Pen please!" It sounded less like a favour and more like a demand. Pen's eyes darted around, trying to find the source of the voice. Then, from the shadows, a familiar figure emerged. It was

Pillow, her expression bored.

"Pillow!" Pen exclaimed, relief washing over him. "What are you doing here? How did you find me?"

"Oh, I just got bored!" Pillow replied, shrugging it off. "Anyways, time to save you!" She dashed towards Robot Flower, slamming into the latter. Robot Flower stumbled backward, caught off guard by the sudden attack. She regained her balance quickly, locking in on Pillow. "YoU thINk yOu Can tAke mE on?" Robot Flower sneered, her body flaring with energy. "I'Ve deAlt wIth fAr tOUghEr oPpoNents thAn yoU."

Pillow didn't back down, her eyes narrowing. "You're just a bunch of circuits and metal," she replied, her voice cold and confident. "I've taken down mechanical minds before, and you'll be no different." She replied happily, unfazed. Robot Flower didn't respond, too focused on analyzing Pillow's every move. She calculated every possible attack and counterattack, ready to defend herself at a moment's notice. Robot Flower couldn't lose this opportunity to bring two survivors from the other side to One, could she?

"YOur moVes arE PRedICtaBle," Robot Flower sneered, her sensors tracking Pillow's every movement. "You're NOthiNG SPeciAL." Pillow's expression turned serious as she realized the precarious position she was in. She was backed up against the wall, with no room to dodge or escape. "WeLL "WelL, LOoks lIke YoU TwO wilL bOth be ComInG WitH mE to FinD One" Robot Flower commented, feeling proud of herself.

Pen knew he had to do something. Without a second thought, he grabbed a sharp stick beside him, and stabbed it into the mechanical mind's head. Robot Flower stood still for a moment, before sparks were flying in the air. She made a few robotic noises, before she clanged onto the ground, shutting down. Pen stood there, breathing heavily as he looked at the now motionless form of Robot Flower. He had done it. He had just killed someone.

"Wow, that was impressive!" Pillow told Pen, nodding. "Do that a few more times and you'll become a killing pro!" She winked at him, pointing at Robot Flower's unmoving body. "You totally didn't just

betray the whole point of Death Pact!"

"... Not helping Pillow-" Pen said bluntly. "Let's just get out of this area." Pen suggested. The two ran for the cover of the bushes, not looking back.

A few minutes later...

A strange, artificial body lay motionless on the ground. Despite its sleek, metallic framework, it seemed oddly defenceless without its inner mechanisms. The grass around it had been pushed aside, and small animals had scurried away, afraid to come too close. The robot's screen was broken, its glass shattered into numerous little shards scattered on the ground. There seemed to be remnants of some sort of electricity within the robot body, as if a few fragments of the circuitry were still working in the background. However, the main system seemed to have been damaged beyond repair; impaled by a sharp item.

One had expected more out of Robot Flower. Oh well, she had many more plans in mind. But first, they needed to collect the pieces of Robot Flower and get them to the hotel without any further damage. With a wave of their hand, they lifted the scattered remnants of the robot into the air and began to walk back towards the hotel.

Suddenly, she thought of an idea. Maybe an upgrade was in order. One was filled with excitement. The possibilities of what they could do with an upgraded Robot Flower seemed endless. It would certainly make killing the rest of the survivors much easier for her. They smiled to themselves, before heading off.

-

Uh. So... Remember how I said I was going to introduce new characters in this chapter? I ended up explaining something instead... But, If YOU have any character recommendations, let me know! I will try my best to add them to the story :3

Chapter 9 - New Faces

Tree looked around, focusing his attention on his fellow campmates. His gaze scanned the room, taking in the nervous faces. Everyone looked tired and on edge, uncertain of what the future held. He was always good at telling emotions from expressions, it was a sort of instinct for him. (Kind of like gardening too.) Tree's eyes darted to Bomby and Gelatin, who were in a heated argument nearby. An argument with Bomby? That never went well.

Tree quickly intervened, making sure that Bomby didn't accidentally explode the camp up. "Don't you both think it's pointless to have fights in here?" Tree mumbled, stepping between them. Tensions have risen ever since One came, it was hard for anyone to agree on anything.

The two shrugged, walking away. Tree let out a sigh of relief, glad that whatever those two were up to, it didn't involve any immediate danger. But he knew their strange behaviour wouldn't stay hidden for long, especially with so many people on edge. He walked past Lollipop, who bore a bored expression.

"Oh, hey Lollipop." Tree said, sitting down near her. Lollipop was too tired to be in a conversation.

"... This isn't about Black Hole again, right?" She replied, looking away.

"NO! Of course not," Tree replied, "why would you think that?"

Lollipop rolled her eyes. "Maybe because of the LAST 10 times you asked me."

Tree chuckled nervously. "Right, right. Sorry about that," he said. "How's Lightning and Pencil? I heard they are settling in." Tree questioned, awkwardly changing the subject.

"If by 'settling in' you mean 'eating up all our food supplies' then sure." She replied sarcastically, seeming uninterested. "You should go see for yourself if you're really that interested in seeing what they are up to. "

Tree winced, stung by Lollipop's sharp response. "I didn't mean it like that," he said defensively. "And I'm not just interested, I'm worried. Who knows what they are doing now? I need a break..."

Tree headed out of the campsite, heading away from the loud noise of other objects. He took a stroll to his favourite meadow where he could take a break. His eyes darted, making sure no one was there before he sat down perching on a rock. Tree used to come here before One came, with the rest of Death Pact or other close relatives.

He took his time to relax, to listen to the wildlife that he always loved. It's been hard to simply survive for him, he can't get the sunlight he needs. Tree closed his eyes once again and listened to the sounds of the forest. The chirping of the crickets, the gentle rustling of leaves, the hoots of the owls. He hated the small cramped area of the camp, where moonlight was rare and hope was rarer. Tree felt it was better out here, where he could think for once.

As he closed his eyes, he heard a small footsteps from beside him. He opened his eyes, jumping up. "Oh, it's just a bird." He mumbled to himself "-you aren't going to make a nest in my hair like your relatives right?" He said teasingly. Tree chuckled as he noticed the offended look on the Swallow's face. He couldn't believe that a bird could be offended by his joke. But then again, these creatures had their own personalities, just like any other living being. (What was Tree doing? Thinking that it's a lifeless 'object'.) Tree quickly identified it as a swallow. (More specifically, a Barn Swallow.)

It seemed curious, pecking at his feet and tugging on his leaves. "HEY! I just got a new trim..." He sighed, looks like a trip to the barber was in order. The swallow chirped; it was almost as if it was telling him to go somewhere. Tree watched as the swallow hopped a

few paces away, then looked back at him as if urging him to follow.

Curious, Tree decided to follow the Swallows lead. He got up, taking care not to scare the bird away. The swallow hopped further into the forest, occasionally looking back to make sure Tree was still behind it.

He panted, unable to keep up. "Wait!! You're going to fast. MUST-KEEP- UP." The swallow looked like it was rolling its eyes at him. Tree grumbled, muttering swears to himself. The wallow continued to lead Tree through the forest, fluttering ahead with an air of impatience. Tree could hear its wings flapping as it waited for him to catch up, then fluttering off again as soon as he did.

The further they went into the forest, the more Tree was worried. The light that filtered through was starting to dim, making it harder to see where he was going. The bird seemed to notice that it was getting darker but continued to lead Tree on, undeterred. Tree was starting to wonder if following it was a good idea, the forest was becoming more ominous the further they went.

Tree finally stopped, nearly toppling over the swallow. He had been so focused on trying to keep up with the bird and complaining about the distance they had gone that he hadn't noticed where they were until he looked up. His eyes widened as he saw the entrance to Golfball's underground factory.

"Is that...?" he mumbled to himself. Did the swallow really lead him all the way here? He looked down at the bird, but it just looked back at him with a calm expression (well, what Tree THOUGHT was a calm expression).

The factory looked abandoned. Which was definitely what Tree had expected since it was extremely well hidden. The only light source was this eerie blue glow that seemed to come form deeper inside. He took a deep breath. Would he really go inside here?

"Alright, alright..." He exclaimed, wiping sweat off his face as the bird dragged him inside. "I'll keep moving, don't you worry." Tree cautiously continued towards the noise, each step creating an echo in the quiet factory. The swallow was fluttering beside him, its wings

creating a gentle breeze in the still air.

With each step, the noise got louder and closer. And soon, he was close enough to the source of the noise that he could make out a faint silhouette. Tree squinted, it was hard to identify who it was in the dim light, but it might just be because he doesn't have his glasses on. He'd lost them since the start of the challenge.

Who could be here? He wondered. He glanced down at his companion, which was still fluttering beside him, its feathers ruffling in the breeze. Did it bring him here? He felt a sudden wave of fear, but also a strong feeling of curiosity. He didn't recognise the shape of the object. Tree's crawled over, making sure to stay silent. He gasped, it wasn't just one object: there were two of them.

As Tree got closer, he realised that there were in fact two objects in front him. The swallow continued to flit around him, still seemingly unfazed.

Tree tried to get a better look at the objects in front of him, but in the dim light it was hard to make them out. One of them seemed to be flat, while the other was shaped like a cloud with limbs. As he crept closer, he tried to convince himself that it wasjust Woody and Cloudy, but he knew that he was just lying to himself. He was sure that Cloudy was dead, and the other wasn't exactly a square.

Tree suddenly bumped into something in front of him, causing a clattering noise that echoed in the quiet room. He froze, his heart racing. Had these objects heard him? Fear and adrenaline pumped through his body as he waited to see if anything would happen. The room was eerily quiet. Tree stood stock still, trying to listen for any signs of movement.

Just when he thought that nothing was going to happen, he heard someone speak.

"Huh? Who's there."

Instead of answering, Tree stayed completely still, trying to hold his breath. The Swallow continued to flutter around him, looking unbothered.

"Oh, it's just you Birdy." The voice echoed, beckoning Tree's bird/ companion to fly towards them. *Birdy?* Tree's mind thought, heart racing. *Oh! That must be why the bird led him here. This must be their owner. But, who were those objects?*

"And what did you bring to us this time? Ooo- a pair of glasses? That's sure to be worth...Ka-ching!! $225? Nice grab Birdy." The voice congratulated Birdy, patting them on the head with their feet.

Wait, those weren't TREE's glasses, right!? He stepped out of his hiding place, finally speaking.

Tree pointed at the objects.

"Hey, those are my glasses! You can't just resell them!" he shouted, his voice echoing through the room.

The objects didn't seem to react at first, and Tree had a few seconds to look at them properly. One was a Price Tag, and the other was a strange, fluffy periwinkle object with an extendable hand. They were like nothing he had ever seen before.

"Who and what are you anyways?" He questioned, tilting his head.

"The same could be said for you." The Price Tag's companion spoke up, "It isn't your factory, right?" They asked in a curious tone.

Tree shook his head, "No, its Golfball's. I don't suppose either of you know her? I haven't seen any of you compete before. Oh, I'm Tree by the way." He chucked, "You can probably tell."

The purple fluff thing looked at the price tag, before the two of them nodded in confirmation. "I'm Winner, and this is Price Tag. We were originally going to be given a chance to participate in this gameshow-type contest called 'The Power of Two'. I know, its kind of silly-"

"The Power of Two? But isn't that the show Two was gonna host?" Tree exclaimed, piecing the clues together.

"You know what it is? Kind of suspicious." :/ Price Tag mentioned, questioning Tree.

"Price Tag, it's fine he's clearly not here to stir trouble." Winner interrupted, calming their companion down.

"Fine." Price Tag shrugged, going off to see where Bandit had perched.

"Wait, you're telling me your Winner? Loser's friend?" Tree gasped, offering his hand, "It's such an honour to meet you in person Winner, I'm such a huge fan of your work." Tree noticed Winner looked uncomfortable, pulling away.

"Oh, sorry." Tree stared at his feet.

"Don't worry, I don't really like the fame that much, compared to Loser." Winner laughed awkwardly, "It's nice meeting you too, Tree. What are you here for, again?"

"Ah, I just wanted to-" Tree paused, angling his head upwards. "I can't remember, that's strange. I don't really know my way back, either."

Winner sighed once more. "I was kind of hoping you'd come here to tell us what's going on. The rest of the debuters we were put with disappeared. That Two fella kind of just left us here. You can stay with us, though."

"You've definitely missed a lot. Hey, what about you grab Price Tag and we I can tell you both what happened?" Tree suggested, pointing towards a run-down pink sofa with a couple of dusty pictures near it.

"Yeah! That'll be great. Price Tag, quick, come here!" Winner called towards their friend, beckoning them to sit of the couch.

"This is going to be a long story..."

~

THANKS FOR 1K VIEWS!! THIS IS THE FIRST EVER FIC I'VE WROTE, SO TYSM FOR THE SUPPORT!

Shoutout to Tree for explaining the WHOLE timeline of BFDI and the events of this AU to Price Tag and Winner. I managed to make Winner and Price Tag canon, what a surprise! Should I

start adding more dialogue :0? Let me know in the comments please!

Oh sorry 'bout that, I guess it must be awkward for you two to see each other again after one of you thought the other died. Too bad this isn't gonna be canon yet!

Chapter 10 - Tensions Rising

"So, does she work? I expect the best from you, Basketball."

"O-Of course, she should be good to go now," Basketball replied with a hint of hesitation. Her gut screamed at her, telling her not to trust One, yet her brain knew she had no choice. After One magically teleported back with Robot Flower's parts, Basketball was horrified. She was horrified at the thought of Robot Flower's 'improvement', horrified at the thought that someone killed her, and horrified at the thought of what would happen if she betrayed One.

"Oh, Basketball? I'm still waiting." One mentioned, tapping her feet. She could sense that the algerbralian was getting more impatient. Basketball patched up wires, connecting Robot Flower to the computer.

"Done! It should be alright now." Basketball panted, unable to hold One's gaze any longer.

"Perfect, I'm incredibly proud of you Basketball! I knew it was the right decision to appoint you as the head inventor. You were always more useful than Golfball, anyways." One smiled, their face radiated with an innocent smile. "Look after Robot Flower for a while, will you? I'll be back to pick her up later." One walked out of the door, smile abruptly turning into a bored expression as soon as she was out of sight.

"T-thanks." Basketball choked out, although the algerbralian was already far gone. She watched as Robot Flower twitched, lights turning on and off. The silence was too much. Basketball sat down on a chair. The dim room she was given to experiment in wasn't ideal. She could barely see anything, most of the light came from the unnatural glow of electronics. A cracked lightbulb hung suspended in the air swinging from side to side, whilst dried paint peeled off on one wall (mostly due to Basketball poking at it when she was bored).

"Look Robot Flower. I know you probably can't hear me right now, but I'm sorry." She whispered. Basketball knew that One probably wasn't nearby, but it was better to be safe than sorry. "I wish I could help you- but I don't have a choice. I guess we all have to listen to what that liar says." She sighed.

No response.

~ ~ ~

Back at Golfball's Camp

"Pie is *WHAT!?"*

"Black Hole, I don't know how many times I had to tell you. Pie is dead." Golfball muttered, backing off from the singularity. Golfball knew Black Hole would never hurt a fly, but she'd never seen him like this before.

"We don't know how it happened or when it happened, but when we got back, Pillow was there and Pie's tin was right beside her." Golfball tried explaining, looking at her feet. "I know that it's hard to believe, but I promise you its the truth." Golfball looked to Pen for confirmation and gasped in relief when he complied.

"But hey, at least you're with us now!" Pen added awkwardly, trying his best to smile. Oh, how Golfball wished Tennisball was here--but he was currently guarding Pillow. He would definitely be much more help than Pen. Er- not that Golfball was saying that Pen wasn't useful, of course.

Black Hole seemed dazed (well, that's what Golfball thought. She couldn't actually see Black Hole's expressions, of course). "Look, I know how she was your teammate and all"

"Don't worry Golfball." Black Hole said, voice cracking. "I understand." Black Hole let out a forced laugh. Golfball wasn't sure how to react; she'd never seen him like this before.

"Well, if you understand, then... good," Golfball said slowly, backing away from the other. Golfball quickly retreated behind Pen, who was staring worriedly at his former teammate.

"And what about Bottle?!" Black Hole questioned, his voice rising. If Pie didn't survive, what chance was Bottle going to have?

Golfball was still thinking of a response, desperately trying to think of something to say to Black Hole.

"Well, we- we still don't know where Bottle is...?" She said, trying to remain hopeful. "For all we know, she could still be alive! In fact, we don't even know that she was originally with you."

In a desperate attempt to get out of the area, Golfball spoke. "Pen and I are er- going to check on the Tennisball." And with that, the two quickly hurried away. Black Hole was left with himself and his thoughts, yet again. He couldn't even deny it this time. This was his fault. He was the one who dropped Pie, which ultimately caused her death. Black Hole didn't even get the chance to wish her well.

All those memories with their teammates, the fun times with Pie. All shattered. *But at least you know where Pen and Pillow are.* His consciousness whispered, trying to cheer him up. *It doesn't matter, I'll never be able to see someone again.* He replied, mind racing. Death, how the thought of it made his stomach (?) turn.

In all honesty, he wasn't afraid of death. He's invincible, a literal Black Hole. He shouldn't be scared of anything; others should fear him. If he wanted to, he could fly above the atmosphere, re-enter space, and leave this competition show (or whatever it has become) behind, and no one could stop him.

But he wasn't sure if that's what he wanted.

What he feared the most, was being alone.

A reality where nothing exists, where he was forced to float in an abyss of nothing for the rest of eternity. The heat death of the universe, where there would be nothing but him and a cold black void. With this thought in his mind, Black Hole started to spiral once again. He had never been so shaken up, so... terrified before. *His own thoughts scared him*--how cowardly, he chuckled.

"Hey..?"

Black Hole looked down. Oh, it was only Pen. He decided to float closer, making sure he could hear him.

"Black Hole?!" Pen shouted, waving at the singularity to come closer.

"I'm not that good at this stuff, to be honest, but I'm sorry for your- I mean our loss as a team," Pen added, trying to comfort the other. "I guess it's probably hard having the power of life or death."

Black Hole knew Pen was right. "Yeah.." he replied, looking down at the ground. "I guess it's just... hard to handle sometimes."

Black Hole never really talked about his feelings, especially about this topic. But there was something about Pen that made him feel like he could open up to him, even a little.

"I don't blame you," Pen responded, trying to continue the conversation. "Just so you know." He smiled, I'm sure no one else would too. Heck, even Golfball is starting to look up to you."

"Thank you, Pen," he said quietly. "It means a lot."

"Well Black Hole, I'll see you later. I'm off to go take Tennisball's shift." Pen waved, heading towards where Pillow was kept. "Do you want to come with?" Pen added.

"No, it's fine. I'll just stay here." Black Hole replied. Pen watched as Black Hole started to float away from him, a look of confusion on his face. He had thought they were making progress, but now it seemed like Black Hole was just shutting down on him.

Pen hesitated for a moment before speaking up again. "Wait, Black Hole! Don't go!" *Black Holes aren't known for their sense of hearing.* Pen sighed, maybe next time. He watched as Black Hole disappeared into the distance, feeling like he had failed in some way. Pen couldn't shake the feeling that he should have been able to do more to help him, to comfort him.

Black Hole floated through the darkness, lost in his thoughts. He thought about how alone he was, how no one understood him. Suddenly, he thought he heard a voice.

Black Hole!!

It sounded like someone was speaking to him, but there was no one around. Black Hole was confused. Was he hallucinating?

Black Hole!?

He looked around, trying to find the source of the voice. But there was no one in sight.

"Who's there?!" he called out. Nothing. Just silence. Black Hole was starting to feel even more confused now. Was he going crazy?

He floated quietly for a few more minutes, trying to listen for the voice again. Black Hole was starting to feel like he had imagined the whole thing.

Black Hole heard the voice again, louder this time. He spun around, trying to find where it was coming from. And then he saw it, a faint blue glow in the distance.

Over here, Black Hole!

"Wha- Tree!? But it can't be you." Black Hole said, shouting in shock.

The voice chucked. I'm not actually Tree, Black Hole, I'm just a figment of your imagination. A part of your consciousness.

"Wow. That's incredibly helpful." He replied sarcastically, "But why are you Tree?..." Black Hole asked, starting to fill with suspicion. The other rolled their eyes, staring back at the singularity. "Oh , uh, sorry, why do you look like him?" Black Hole questioned, tilting with curiosity.

That's a good question. Why is Tree the first person you think of as your consciousness?

"... I-I don't know?" Black Hole replied, with genuine curiosity.

On the other hand, I can be anyone I want. His consciousness said joyfully, floating over to him. The blue Tree suddenly morphed to Pen. *See, this is fun!* They then shapeshifted to the rest of the Death

Pact members, until it reached-

Pie.

Black Hole visibly shrunk, flinching back.

Don't like that one? Don't worry it's fine.

'Pie' changed once more, morphing into... Black Hole? Ah, so that's what he looked like, Black Hole thought. Well, it was exactly how he thought he looked like, so he isn't that surprised. There weren't any mirrors in space, you know!!

"Yeah, I think you should just be Tree." Black Hole commented, getting tired of watching the other.

Alright. With a quick flash, it changed back to the shape of Tree. Phew, Black Hole was getting tired of the constant changing. He tried to shut his consciousness down (? Is this possible), drowning its thoughts. Great, that was officially over. Enough 'imaginary friends' for today.

What now? He thought, pondering on the question. There wasn't really much to do; standing around like this was just wasting his time. Maybe it's time to go back to camp, he realized. Black Hole doesn't know that the time could be, but it's been a while since he's seen the others. (Maybe a few hours? Or a day? Time really passes quickly.) He didn't even know if the voice he talked to was real, at this point.

Black Hole floated away towards the Golfball's camp.

-

Sorry for the wait!! Here is chapter 10 (Yay!! Double digits) I'll see you later. (I promise I'll write less about Death Pact TRUST me.) With double digits, I'll start to focus on the actual storyline. (And YES, I have an ending prepared so don't worry, I am sure to finish this fic. No matter how long it'll take.)

I'm tired of seeing most AU fics like this one including blood. First of all, OBJECTS DON'T HAVE BLOOD!! I understand if it is

humanised. But ordinary objects? I don't really understand... It'd be nice to see someone write about Pie's jam, Bottle's shards of glass, and stuff like that as gore.

Chapter 11 - O.N.E

Thanks for the wonderful support I've been getting on this book!! I appreciate the comments, voting and general positive feedback! Your comments keep this fic going, and I LOVE replying to everyone!

~

"Hey! Gaty! How have you been?"

She sighed looking at the door. It opened, creaking slowly. "What do you want, One."

"Oh, don't worry. I just wanted to check up on you!" One walked towards the other, using their magic to teleport a small pink sofa as well as a small desk next to them. The sofa was ripped apart, revealing the soft cushions and fabric inside. The desk still seemed to be in pretty good shape, although a dusty picture frame stood on top. The picture was covered with dust, making the image almost unrecognizable. All Gaty could see were two blobs: one which looked like herself, whilst the other looked similar to a green number.

Gaty was perplexed, to say the least. What would she be doing with another algebralian? One was the only one she had ever talked to, and they were kind of over the fence sometimes. Gaty wouldn't really call the two of them friends; to be honest, she didn't like the other. There's always something that One is hiding from her; she knows it.

Gaty isn't called to do much, unlike the other TPOTers. She doesn't think One needs help anyway, considering they did magic the entire hotel into existence. They had tried to help with simple tasks such as making weaponry or baking, but she always made a fool of herself. In all honesty, Gaty thinks it's suspicious that she isn't given tasks or missions. The most she does nowadays is talk to the other members,

and hang around in her designated room.

Saw used to visit her from time to time, and Pin too (which came as a shock), but now they were too busy hunting the survivors down to talk to her. She is all alone now. No, it's not just that. It's like she doesn't even exist to anyone except One.

Maybe you should be grateful to her for keeping you safe.

No, she doesn't know anything about me.

But, isn't having them as a friend better than none?

Still, it doesn't solve the reason why Gaty was with another number that she'd never seen before.

"Why, not talkative today are you?" One rolled her eyes, prompting the other to speak.

"..."

"Don't worry, I didn't come here to have a chat anyway. I'm letting you know that you won't be allowed to go outside of the hotel unless you have permission from me." They announced, leaning back into the couch.

"Wha-WHAT!?" Gaty shouted, jumping up. "You can't just keep me trapped in here."

"Gaty, I'm doing this for your own safety." One soothed, her voice was unnaturally sweet. "I don't want you running off when there might be others around."

"SAFE FROM WHAT!?" Gaty yelled, "I don't even know why I'm here! You pretend to be my friend, don't give me anything to do, and now you want to lock me up?" She sighed, backing off. "Who are you anyway, and what do you want from me?"

One was visibly annoyed. "I'm not *trying* to treat you like a child, Gaty. I'm just doing what I think is best for everyone's safety." One's voice was starting to take on a more authoritative tone.

"But I don't even know what's more dangerous anymore. How do I know you're better than those 'mysterious dangers' outside?" Gaty crossed her arms, clearly not accepting One's explanation.

One's eyes narrowed. "I'll be back Gaty in a couple of days, I'll see you soon."

"Wait! Where are you going?" Gaty demanded, "Answer my question ONE!"

One snapped her feet, teleporting away. Gaty was left standing there, scowling. She sank back down onto the couch and slumped forward, feeling like she was losing her mind. With nothing else to do, Gaty eventually got up from the couch and left the room, making her way through the halls of the hotel. Her stomach rumbled, maybe she should go to the cafeteria to get something to eat. The cafeteria! Of course, that's where everyone would be. It was probably time for breakfast already.

She rounded a corner and finally saw the large doors to the cafeteria up ahead. Slowly, she pushed the doors open. As she entered, Gaty was immediately struck by the noisy chatter echoing through the vast room. Familiar faces from all sorts of different teams were gathered around at different tables. It frankly reminded her of a school diner.

All the tables were labelled with different teams. Her team only had Saw and Taco, which meant the rest were either dead or didn't sign One's deal. Gaty smiled, sitting next to Taco whilst waving at Saw (Saw looked like they needed some space, so Gaty thought it would be best to leave them alone.) Taco glanced up, studying Gaty's expression. After a moment, she returned the smile and gave a little wave.

"How long have you been here Taco?" Gaty asked, starting a conversation.

"Oh, I just got here actually. Book kind of just- abandoned me so I came here instead." Taco replied, shrugging.

"Really? I thought Book was...Not that that type of person."

"Yeah, it was weird," Taco agreed, looking down at the table.

Gaty didn't press on. Clearly, Taco didn't want to answer any questions. Gaty made a mental note to ask about Book later but let the topic drop for now. Instead, she shifted in her seat and looked around the cafeteria. All had at least one object sitting at them. Taco looked at Gaty.

"Oh, if you need a list of who's here, the roll call sheet is over there." Taco pointed to a secluded spot near the diner, beside Death Pact's table.

"Thanks!" Gaty smiled, walking towards the direction the other had mentioned. The list was organised in teams and drawn with a whiteboard marker. It showed who was already working for One (shown as Objects Neutralised Early), the survivors, and deaths.

~

A Better Name Than That :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Robot Flower, Basketball, Blocky

Survivors: Golfball, Tennisball, TV [UNCONFIRMED]

Deaths: 8-Ball, Grassy

Free Food :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Bell, Stapy, Puffball, Foldy

Survivors: Eraser, Fries

Deaths: Marker [UNCONFIMRED], Yellow Face

Team Icecube :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Naily, Donut [POSSIBLY DEAD]

Survivors: Gelatin, Bomby

Deaths: Braceletly, Barf Bag, Spongy, Firey JR

Death Pact :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Bottle, Liy [MISSING], Pillow [MISSING]

Survivors: Black Hole, Tree, Remote, Pen

Deaths: Pie

The Losers :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Loser, Clock, Needle

Survivors: Firey

Deaths: Coiny, Cake, Eggy, Pin

Iance :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Snowball, Fanny [MISSING]

Survivors: Bubble(?), Match, Lightning, Flower

Deaths: Ruby

BEEP :

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Leafy, David

Survivors: NONE. (Gaty took this as a shock.)

Deaths: Balloony, Cloudy, Nickel, Roboty, Rocky, Woody

BLEH : (Gaty didn't feel like she needed to include her own team, but it's better to be safe than sorry.)

O.N.E (Objects Neutralised Early): Taco, Saw, Gaty [UNDER CAPTIVITY], Icecube [MISSING WITH FANNY]

Survivors: Lollipop, Book, Dora

Deaths: Teardrop

~

Gaty grimaced. She hadn't known the death toll this show had caused. She tried not to let the sadness show on her face, but it was difficult. So many lives lost, and for what? She took a deep breath, shaking the thought from her mind as she returned to Saw and Taco. Was this what One promised? Is this their idea of safety and care for every object?!

"I'll be right back," Gaty murmured to what was left of her team "I have some adventuring to do." Hesitantly, she left the cafeteria, grabbing a sandwich before she made her way towards the exit.

Gaty stood up from her seat with a sandwich in foot and gave a wave to Saw and Taco as they bid her goodbye. She pushed open the doors of the cafeteria and slipped out into the hallway. As the doors closed quietly behind her, she began to wander the quiet hotel halls taking small bites of her sandwich. The cafeteria was located on the top floor, so she made her way down each one. Gaty avoided One's office and the sleeping quarters.

AN HOUR LATER

Gaty felt as if their feet were going to fall off. Who knew climbing stairs was so exhausting? Gaty felt as if this whole idea was pointless, she might as well go back to her room. Just as she was about to take the elevator up (which was now fixed, to her surprise), she noticed another pair of stairs leading down. *But that's impossible, this is the*

ground floor. Curiosity taking the better of them, they decided to check it out.

The old wooden stairs creaked under her weight, but she ignored the noise and kept going. As she descended, the air grew colder, and a faint stench of decay rose to greet her.

Finally, she reached the bottom of the staircase. Gaty paused for a moment. As her eyes adjusted to the dimmer lighting, she could just make out the outline of a large, dark room ahead. On second thoughts. It looked more like a hallway. The light was dim, but Gaty could briefly see doors with different numbers on them. What's most peculiar was how the numbers started on two instead of one, and another symbol replaced three. Gaty decided to open the first door, the one labelled '2'. Instead of being met with a normal room, the door swirled into an endless vortex.

Summoning her courage, Gaty decided to enter. With a swoosh, she was teleported to another dimension. The place had yellow grass and green bushes with another familiar hotel in the background. The sun was shining, casting a long shadow on the door she came from. A green number sat on the same pink sofa from earlier, except the couch was in good shape.

Gaty stepped back, shocked. "Who are you..?"

(Gaty's room.)

~

SORRY FOR THE WAIT! I've finally decided on who lives and who dies (and all in between.) I know some of you might be disappointed, but I'm sure you can live through it! (Hopefully.) My apologies if this chapter seems more rushed, I was busy!

For those who are confused: Gaty doesn't have a friendship with Two yet (as this AU is set in the split, not the post-split.) One knows that Gaty WILL gain the friendship when they meet Two, so they're trying to prevent them from meeting the other. It's been a while since the original split actually happened, so most of the contestants including Gaty have forgotten about Two.

Chapter 12- The Whole Story

"And that's everything."

There was silence for a moment, the weight of the words hanging in the air like thick smoke. The machines around them hummed softly, a distant buzz, almost as if the factory itself was holding its breath. Then, finally, Winner spoke up.

"I think we might have gone to the wrong show, Price Tag. How about we--uh--go home now?" Winner used their hand to nudge Price Tag towards the factory exit, their voice strained.

Price Tag didn't budge. "Hah! Do you think we'd believe you? This is obviously just a bluff." They chuckled, shaking. They followed Winner to the exit, breaking down onto the floor. "This can't be possible," they whispered, more to themselves than anyone else. Their voice trembled, the disbelief still gripping them They could feel the ground, the cold concrete of the factory floor, but the air around them felt heavier, thicker, as if the walls were pressing in on them.

Winner stood still, staring at Price Tag for what felt like an eternity. They opened their mouth to say something, before being interrupted by the blaring or alarms and a bright red flashing light illuminating the clear, dark sky. Price Tag had lit the emergency flair.

Price Tag turned sharply, instantly regretting what they'd done. They watched, horrified, as the flare shot up into the night sky.

"NO!" Tree shouted, throwing themselves onto Price Tag. They sprinted forward, throwing themselves onto Price Tag, shaking the other violently. "Do you understand what you've just done?! Now EVERYONE outside knows where we're hiding." It was too late. The canon had already fired, bursting with a bright red light.

The factory had just been exposed.

Winner didn't move, didn't say anything for a long moment. "So, what do we do now?" Winner asked hesitantly, not looking into Tree's eyes.

"We wait and die."

~

Eraser heard a loud canon in the distance. That can't be good, he thought. It was either One's troops or another group of survivors. Either way, whoever did it was obviously an idiot. Causing a ruckus like that was a death wish. He debated whether to explore the direction where the sound came from. He should probably tell the rest of his group first, though, not like they'd actually care about what's happening.

Lollipop and Flower were probably going to shrug it off, Book, Match and Pencil were too busy in their 'friendship' drama, Tree's missing and Eraser doesn't even know what Gelatin's up to. The only objects that might go with him were Lightning, Fries and possibly Bomby (although Bomby would probably explode before they'd get there).

Weighing the odds, Eraser snatched Fries and convinced Lightning to join them before the trio headed off in the direction the flare was lit.

Eraser rushed ahead, using his knife to slice through any vines and large litter that could get in the other's way. "Are you sure this is a good idea, Eraser?" Lightning asked, flying above the treeline.

"It is, so less chatting and more clearing-out-of-the-way-ing." He shouted, leading the way with his torch. Lightning shot a glance at Fries.

"It's what the boss says, I guess." Fries shrugs, continuing. Fries quickened his pace to match with Eraser, who was still travelling ahead. *Lightning had no choice, did he?* Scanning above, he scouted out the path for the others to follow, whilst being cautious not to be seen from below.

~

A few minutes passed. No one came.

"Maybe no object saw it?" Winner suggested, trying to stay positive. The alarms were still blaring, and Tree struggled to hear what the other was saying.

"I should've known," Tree muttered bitterly, more to themselves than to Winner. "I should've left this place when I had the chance.

Winner looked hurt by Tree's words."It's your fault that you decided to tell us about-"

"Maybe it *is* my fault for trying to help the both of you survive." Tree shot back, not giving Winner a chance to speak.

"You think we wanted you to stay with us? You're just wasting our supplies." Winner shouted, stepping closer to the other. Their hand was tense, extended in fury.

Tree wasn't intimidated, in fact, he was more furious than before. "Well I GUESS I better leave this place and-"

A loud crash woke the trio. Tree gasped. They quickly yanked Winner and Price Tag, dragging them into the nearest shadowed corner. Panic surged through Winner's chest, but they fought to keep still. Their mind raced, calculating their options. They could bolt for the door, but that would likely give them away. Or they could wait, hoping that the two objects wouldn't notice them.

"What the hell was that?" Price Tag whispered, panic creeping into their voice. Tree didn't answer immediately, eyes scanning the darkened hallway just outside their hiding spot. "Don't move, don't say a word," he whispered harshly, their voice strained.

Winner could barely make out the silhouette of two objects talking to each other.

"This is so boring Puffball." The first voice said, their tone relaxed. The duo seemed to be scanning the area, searching for something. They were making a loud fuss--probably didn't expect anyone to be here.

"We've got to do it anyway. One's orders." The second voice replied. It had an artificial swing to it, as if someone was singing. Puffball,

Winner guessed.

A few minutes passed, and the two objects seemed to have had enough of searching. "There's obviously nothing in here--let's just leave this stupid factory already."

Puffball hesitated, before agreeing. "Fine, I guess we can clear out." Winner could hear the two objects murmuring among themselves, before heading towards the exit again. Overjoyed, Winner jumped in excitement, shaking. "WE'RE ALRIGHT PRICE TA-" Winner stopped themselves mid-sentence.

"Who's there." The first voice shouted, pacing away from the exit.

There was no hiding now.

Another voice, the one that sounds like they're constantly singing, broke the silence. It had a strange rhythm to it, almost playful. "I don't know, but I *think* I heard something too. Maybe a little mouse, or a stray cat wandering in here."

The first object, however, wasn't buying it. "It wasn't a cat. Something's off. I *felt* it." The voice was sharp now, scanning the dark corners of the factory. "We're not leaving until I find out what it was."

Winner's heart was thundering in their chest. Whatever was about to happen next, they needed to move—and fast.

"Run," Tree whispered. "-and take Price Tag with you. I'll distract them for now."

"But what about you!?" Winner insisted, refusing to leave Tree behind. Tree didn't meet Winner's eyes.

"I can hold them off; I have more experience than the both of you." He pointed out. "You need to go. Now." The two exchanged glances before Winner nodded. They dashed off, carrying Price Tag with them.

Winner's legs burned as they sprinted through the factory's twisted maze of rusted metal and shadowed corners, Price Tag clutched tightly in their arms. They could still hear the faint murmurs of the

two objects in the distance, but the echo of Tree's voice rang louder in their mind: *"I can hold them off."*

Winner didn't look back.

~

"It's me." Tree stepped out from the crates the trio was hiding in, putting his hands up in the air.

The first object, its glowing eyes narrowing in suspicion, was still focused on Winner. But then their attention flicked to Tree, confused but calculating.

"Tree?" Puffball's voice echoed with uncertainty, and the second object (who turned out to be Blocky) cocked his head, eyeing the figure carefully.

Blocky grinned, grabbing a small but sharp knife from his pouch. "It's lovely to see you again, Tree." Blocky said, wickedly. Something wasn't right about these two. Their eyes were pure white, and their original colours were slightly saturated.

Tree stood his ground, despite the danger.

Blocky laughed, a cruel sound that echoed through the factory. "Oh, *Tree*, you never change. Always the kind one. You think you can still save *us*?" He twirled the knife in his hand, the blade catching the faint light from the flickering overhead bulbs. "I've moved on, my old friend. We've been upgraded."

"Wait. Don't kill him yet." Puffball yelled, stepping in front of Blocky. "He could be useful." Her eyes, once curious, now glowed with a hollow, cold intensity.

"Useful?" Blocky repeated, eyeing Tree with suspicion. "How on Goiky did you get that from Tree of all objects?"

"*He* might not be useful to One, but his certain Black Hole friend could be..." Puffball suggested.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Puffball," Tree said, his voice low but

steady. "You don't understand what you're asking for. Black Hole won't help object like you." His eyes flicked briefly to Winner, and then back to Puffball. "You're talking about opening something that's been sealed for a reason."

Puffball ignored him. "Blocky, knock him out and One can deal with him later." Blocky grinned once more, his grip tightening on his dagger.

"Glady."

~

Sorry for another late chapter! School has been a bit of an issue lately :3 Please point out any spelling/punctuation mistakes so I can fix them.

Chapter 13 - Who are you?!

// Warning!! This chapter is meant to be confusing. See if you can figure out what happened :) This AU is inspired by TPOT 15 / BFB 16.

"Who are you?!" Gaty demanded, strolling up towards the pink couch.

"Huh?!" The number spun around, their wide eyes snapping to Gaty. They scrambled to their feet, looking panicked for a brief moment before spotting them. A deep sigh of relief escaped them as they relaxed, the tension visibly leaving their body.

"Oh, phew, it's just you, Gaty. I got worried there!" Their voice was carefree, laughing it off. "Here, take a seat, and we can chat like old times." The algebralian beckoned Gaty to come over, fluffing up a velvety pillow knitted carefully with a golden thread.

Gaty froze, a flicker of confusion crossing their face. They studied them, trying to make sense of the overly familiar tone, the easy smile, the comfort they seemed to have around them. Why did they act like they knew them so well? That nagging question tugged at their mind. But despite their doubts, they played along. Focus, Gaty. This is your chance to learn something.

"You know, Gaty, it's quite a mystery to me." The number started, pondering on a thought.

"What's the mystery again?" Gaty replied, curiosity taking the better of them.

"I thought you already noticed! You were always such a trickster, Gaty." They commented.

Gaty furrowed their brow, trying to make sense of the statement. "Trickster? What are you talking about?" Their voice was laced with

confusion, though they fought to keep their tone neutral. "Oh, uh, I mean yeah! Gaty! Me! Trickster." Gaty awkwardly laughed. "What was your name again?"

The number's expression flickered for a moment. "Are you sure you're alright, Gaty?"

"Of course I am! Right, uh-" Gaty broke off their sentence.

Gaty blinked rapidly, quickly shaking their head. "Of course I am! Right, uh—" Their words trailed off as they suddenly felt uncertain.

"It's Two," the green figure confirmed with a calm, almost casual air. "Two, as in me. You know me, Gaty." Gaty's mind raced. Two. The name echoed in their thoughts, but it didn't feel familiar. They blinked, trying to latch onto something, anything, that would make this situation make sense. But instead, their thoughts felt foggy.

"Two?" Gaty repeated, their tone wavering. "Right... Two." They let out a forced chuckle, trying to play along, but it didn't sit right. Something was off. Why did they seem so comfortable, like they knew them so well?

Two smiled, ignoring Gaty's hesitation. "Anyways, it's so strange. How do contestants suddenly disappear!? And I thought Four was a bad host. At least they didn't lose all their participants." Two mumbled.

Two hesitated for a moment. "Wait! Gaty, you would know!"

Gaty's face twisted again. "I would?"

"I don't know. It's like they were erased—like they never even existed. One minute, we're all there, figuring things out together, and the next, nothing. You weren't there when it happened, but... You should have been. And you should remember."

Gaty's chest tightened. "What do you mean, should? I don't remember anything. So... what happened after they--I mean we- disappeared?" Gaty asked, changing the topic.

Two looked confused for a moment before replying. "After the whole

time traveling incident happened, I was put back in front of the hotel. I'm sure I saw the rest of you, but then I blinked, and every object was gone."

"That's strange," Gaty murmured, mostly to themself. What if Gaty was wrong? What if they had suddenly lost their memory somehow? Gaty hadn't thought of it that way before.

"I told you you'd know!" Two mentioned teasingly, nudging the object. It felt weirdly comfortable to Gaty, like this was meant to be.

"Enough talking about me. What about you?!" Gaty questioned, changing the topic.

"What about me?" Two cocked their head. Gaty shuffled closer to the other.

"You know--how have you been?" Gaty asked, waving their foot towards the hotel, their feet scraping softly against the gravel path as they shifted their weight. "Must be lonely down here."

"Very." Two replied bluntly, turning away.

Gaty frowned, pausing in their step. "You don't have to be alone, you know," Gaty said, almost hesitantly. "Even if I don't remember everything, you don't have to stay here alone." Their gaze flickered briefly to the ground, unsure if their words would reach, but Gaty pushed on.

Moments passed. The pair sat in silence. Two stood still, their back to Gaty, their posture tense, as though contemplating something.

"You aren't the Gaty I know, are you?" Two muttered, mostly to themself. "Are they still missing?"

"Well-uh, I uh-" Gaty grinned, the tension easing. Two gave a knowing wink, which made Gaty chuckle. "I better get going." Two's expression flickered momentarily, the briefest flash of something—regret, perhaps, or disappointment?—before a soft smile crept back into place.

"Alright then. Take care, Gaty. I'll be here if you need me."

Gaty smiled back before they closed their eyes.

~

Going to start to do smaller chapters in shorter periods :D Next chapter will be soon!!

Chapter 14 - The □□□□□

[Before the events of The Power of One]

"No." Gaty said.

One felt rather annoyed when Gaty chose not to help her.

To be fair, it wasn't One's timeline that was being destroyed, anyway. She had thought Gaty would accept; they really, truly did.

Was it really against One's morals when One changed the plan?

For a second, One felt a glimmer of hesitation. Two's power wasn't worth it, compared to the universe (as they knew it) being destroyed, and she could probably get the same power another way.

But, what would be her goal? Is power truly all she ever wanted?

One paused for a moment and stared at the TV. The world was collapsing. Bits of unidentifiable mess collapsed to the floor, unable to support itself. One had never seen anything like this before--they doubted any other algebralians had witnessed this event either. All One's progress would be gone. She couldn't. She couldn't do it.

One scanned the room for a solution. Around her was her usual dimension. There was nothing unusual about it, everything was perfect: cool blue walls with stars embedded in the frame, a large yellow artificial sun that gave light to the room, and a smooth tabletop with four shiny purple rocks on its surface.

Wait. She could use the □□□□□□!

Without hesitation, she jumped up from her chair and sprinted towards the table, ignoring Gaty's confused remarks. There were only seconds before the timeline would be destroyed. One had to act fast. Using her

magic, she combined the four pieces of □□□□□□. A surge of energy erupted from the rocks, sending waves of invisible force rippling through the room. The air crackled with power as the fragments fused into a single, glowing artifact. It pulsed in her grasp, the power barely contained within its core.

Gaty gasped, suddenly realizing what One was going to do. She rushed after her. "Wait, don't do it!" Gaty pleaded, sprinting towards the table. She tugged on the □□□□□□ that One was holding, trying to pull it away from the Algebralian. One smiled. "See you later, Gaty."

Gaty shot back, her hands shaking. "What will happen to you? To the rest of us? You broke the deal!"

One hesitated for just a moment. A single moment that allowed doubt to creep into her mind. But the universe was crumbling around them, the walls of reality breaking apart like shattered glass. There was no time to reconsider.

One's expression darkened. "There is no other way Gaty".

The walls of the dimension trembled violently. Cracks formed in the fabric of reality, revealing a swirling void beyond, stretching into an abyss of nothingness. One could see fragments of different timelines colliding—memories flickering in and out of existence, entire civilizations vanishing in the blink of an eye. It was beautiful. Terrifying, yes, but beautiful. And she was the one with the power to control it.

Gaty shook her head, eyes wide with horror. "You're lying," she whispered. "You don't care about saving anyone. You just want power."

One laughed—a sharp, cold sound. "And what if I do?" she mused. "Does it matter? Power is the only thing that determines who wins and who loses. And I refuse to lose."

With a violent yank, One ripped the □□□□□□. from Gaty's grasp and raised it high above her head. The energy swirled violently, illuminating the room with an otherworldly glow. The walls flickered between dimensions, and a deafening hum filled the space, growing in intensity until it was almost unbearable.

Gaty screamed, but it was too late.

And then, One was gone.

Gaty sobbed, breaking down on the floor. Tears crawled down her face as she banged her frame against the TV. The screen flashed, showing all the TPOT teams. The camera zoomed in on Pin. Her friend.

There was nothing that Gaty could do, could she? "I'm sorry," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

Her reflection in the screen was distorted by the static, her teary eyes wide with grief. The weight of helplessness pressed against her like an unbearable force. She reached out, feet grazing the screen as if she could somehow bridge the gap between them. But the image remained distant, unreachable.

"I should've done something," she choked out. The guilt twisted inside her, suffocating. Every moment they had spent together replayed in her mind—Pin's laughter, the way she always encouraged her, the times they stood side by side. And now...

Gaty looked at her body. She was breaking down into particles. Bits of her began dissolving into atoms.

"I won't forget this, One."

And then, she was gone.

~

Black Hole wandered around the empty plains of TPOT, not a soul to be found. He made a sniffling sound, before heading towards the distance.

--

Hello!! Update on the cover decision. In case you haven't seen hfjone yet, you never had a choice. I was always going to choose the newer cover. (Sorry!)

NOT A CHAPTER, IMPORTANT!!

.

THIS CHAPTER WAS WRITTEN 2 WEEKS AGO. I PUBLISHED IT FOR A WHILE, CLOSED IT, THEN PUBLISHED IT AGAIN.

Usually, when you see one of these chapters, it's a bad thing.

.

Don't worry! I'm not cancelling the book, heck, I'm not even going on 'hiatus', or whatever that is. I'm here to ask for your (yes, your!) opinion. I know I said that the next chapter would be soon, but I've been busy making this!

The
POWER
OF:
(A bfb/tpot au)

(old thumbnail, I think this is one of the cropped versions D:)

Yes, I know what you're thinking. This is a new cover for The Horror

of One. I'll also be renaming this fic to The Power of One! *(Yes, it'll now be TPOO. Suck it up 9-year-old Ipad kids, we don't gaf that there's 'poo' in a story's title! :])*

If you aren't an iPad kid, then congrats! You can either vote for this new cover or the old cover! Use square brackets [A] if you like the new one, and square brackets [B] if you prefer the old one. Thank you, and see you later.

Chapter 15 - Lighting the Match

Match waved her hands in the air, frustration growing like a fireball in her stomach."Pence-Pence!! If you could just- like- listen to me for a second."

"Stop it, Match! You aren't helping." Pencil replied, grunting. Match looked exhausted. She shoved her supplies down on the floor, heaving her backpack towards the ground. The night's light shone on the two objects, basking them in a eery white glow. It wasn't ideal, of course.

"Well, unlike you, I don't want to keep walking to nowhere. We haven't even gotten anywhere." Match sighed, trudging along her friend. "Where are we even going, anyways?" She whined, sighing at the effort.

Pencil growled, clenching her fist. She didn't expect Match to have fought back, but everything is unexpected nowadays. "If you had stopped whining thirty minutes ago, maybe we would've been there already."

Match stepped back, eyebrows rising. She tilted her body, stopping in her tracks. "Been where!?" She shouted whilst huffing, breathless. "You're barely even carrying anything." She folded her arms, waiting for Pencil's response. Pencil's eyes traced the distance, carefully scanning the soft treeline ahead.

Match felt as if an invisible barrier has been put between the two of them, separating their old, casual friendship. Oh, how she wished those days would come back. Where everything was simply as it was described: no death competitions, no complicated friendships. Just the two of them against the world, competing in a silly game. She started to doubt herself. Did Pencil care about her, to begin with?

She recalled the days during the original BFDI. The smiles on everyone's

faces, the jokes, the laughter. No. She was sure of it. Pencil did care about her--she knew that. But why was she acting so out of character?

Match shook her head, shaking off the dark thoughts in her mind. This place was really getting to her. Pencil had always been her best friend, and it hadn't changed now. She tightened the strips of her carry on backpack; strands were beginning to loosen. Kneeling, Match quickly redid the knots, making sure to tightly fasten the bag to her back.

"Hurry up, Match," Pencil snapped, arms crossed as she tapped her foot impatiently. She glanced back at Match, who was still kneeling, struggling with the load. With an exaggerated sigh, Pencil rolled her eyes. Match was only a few paces behind—she could catch up just fine. Did Pencil really have to keep watching over her like this?

"You know, it'd be, like, more helpful if you actually carried something," Match muttered, offering the sack to Pencil. But she just scoffed, brushing past the offer as if it was nothing. Without a word, Pencil dug out her knife and went right back to hacking at the leaves and foliage, completely ignoring Match. Ugh, Pencil was *actually* so annoying sometimes.

Of course, Pencil just HAD to wake her up at midnight, urging her to follow the other. She just HAD to start claiming that she had this brilliant meeting spot that would guarantee to improve their friendship and mend their bonds again. If they were close friends, they wouldn't even need a friendship session, would they? Match doubted that this stupid idea would've even worked in the first place.

She should have stayed with Book. Match couldn't help but think that Book understood her more than Pencil ever did. She owed Book everything, especially for helping her through the first few days. When One had demanded everyone sign contracts, Match had been frozen, unsure. Yes, she had always dreamed of power, but would it be worth it? It was Book—of all objects—that had gently convinced her to follow her heart, just before *The Incident* happened. If she'd accepted One's deal, she wouldn't be here now.

"Pence-pence..." Match called out, closing in the distance between the two. "You have to listen to me."

Pencil furrowed her brows, waving a hand dismissively. "In case you haven't already realized, Match, I'm doing this for our friendship! Do you really think I want you to carry all this stuff for nothing?" She continued rambling, hardly pausing for breath, while Match struggled under the weight of the load, barely able to get a word in.

The fire inside Match blazed hotter, a storm ready to explode. Her chest tightened as the rage built up, until it finally snapped. With a sharp, enraged motion, she dropped her things, the crash of metal and clattering echoing through the air. "I told you to *STOP IT!*" she shouted, her voice raw with fury, eyes blazing. She began to light on fire, illuminating a section of the forest.

"You've been ignoring me for—like—*this entire time*, Pencil," Match snapped, her voice trembling with frustration. "Do you—like—*think* this is improving the ashes of our 'friendship'? This is a waste of time." She shook her head, her hands clenched into fists. "I'm going back."

"Fine!" Pencil snapped, spinning on her heel as she stormed off. "It's not like I ever cared about you, anyways." Her words were sharp, laced with a bitterness that stung as she turned her back on Match. "Ugh, I'm sure even One would be a better ally than you and the rest of your team are."

Match burst with anger. "Are you really comparing me to- like- that thing?!" She couldn't believe that Pencil would even think of mentioning that murderer. "I- like - don't care. Go to One and start begging on your knees to join her. As if she'd let someone useless like you in her team."

Pencil winced, her face flickering for a brief second. Match's smile brightened. She hit the spot there. Pencil thought for a moment before replying. "You know what? I will. I'm going to go knock on their door and ask for advice on dealing with brats like you." Match sneered, walking in the other direction.

"Fine." She shot back.

"Fine!" Pencil agreed.

Match huffed. She was glad that arc was done. Now, she could finally enjoy her time in peace without an annoying Pencil nagging at her. Finally, she could relax. She scoffed, as if she and Pencil's friendship would go somewhere. Pencil was wrong to boss her around like that- she was being such a Golfball-head.

Wait. Did she just tell Pencil to go find One?

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Oop, yeah, Match messed up. Also, new favourite phrase: 'Golfball-head'. The place that Pencil wanted to go to was the Freesmart supervan, which she found earlier was still intact.

Chapter 16 - The Power of Four

Gaty gleamed as she smiled, brightly. Welcoming sunlight glinted off her polished surface, casting a long, twisting shadow on the ground below. A gentle breeze whistled through her hinges, filling her with a quiet sense of freedom. If she could, she would stay like this forever—open, basking in the warmth of the day.

"See you later, Two!" she called, her voice ringing through the air. She lifted her feet in a friendly wave. In the distance, the Algerbralian turned, their number-shaped form shining in the sunlight.

"Anytime Gaty," Two suddenly brightened, perking up. "Hey! Maybe I can show you the hotel the next time you come?" Two winked, waving back.

Gaty's face flashed for a second, before giggling. "Can't stop that from happening, huh?" She laughed it off. "Welp, see you soon."

She closed her eyes, letting her thoughts drift to the cool, shadowy depths of One's dimension. The air there was always still, wrapped in an eerie silence that felt both comforting and mysterious. She could almost feel it now—the calm, the quiet—when suddenly, a distant voice broke through.

"VISIT ME—" Two's voice echoed, stretching and warping as if being pulled apart. Gaty chuckled. The sound faded, twisting into something unrecognizable before vanishing altogether. Then, a force yanked her backward. Her body felt weightless, spinning as if caught in an unseen current. Time slowed to a crawl, each second stretching endlessly.

A vortex opened around her, a swirling tunnel of color. Deep blues and purples twisted together like ink spilling through water, with streaks of golden yellow flickering between them. The colors pulsed,

shifting in patterns she couldn't understand. A strange energy crackled through the air, buzzing against her frame like static. The pull grew stronger, dragging her deeper and deeper into the unknown.

Until, it stopped.

"Ow..." she mumbled, her voice muffled as her face met the cold, unforgiving concrete. Always the hard landing. She should've been used to it by now—this was her fourth, maybe fifth session that she visted Two. Yet, every time, she still hit the ground like a tossed rock.

With a groan, she pushed herself up, shaking off the daze. Visiting Two had become a kind of escape for her, a break of her usual existence. Here, she could laugh, talk, and be something more than just another piece in the system. Unlike One and the rest of her team —who, no offense, weren't exactly the most expressive—Two made things feel... alive.

But as she looked around, a thought settled uncomfortably in her mind. This place—her home—was draining. Heavy. It was as if the very air carried the weight of everyone's fading hopes, pressing down on them like an unseen force. Gaty didn't really feel like going to her room. She looked around. Other doors stretched out, welcoming her inside.

It wouldn't hurt to go in another door, would it?

Gaty scanned the options. She had only really been in door two so far. If door two was, well, Two's dimension, what would be in the others? Gaty's brows furrowed, deep in thought. *Wait, weren't there other hosts before One? Yes... Gaty could remember that, if only briefly. X was the co-host, right? And another blue one, like One. Four! They weren't the best hosts, but they were definitely better than what One has now. Maybe Gaty could seek advice from them?*

Gaty hurried toward the door with "Four" written on it, her steps quick and eager. She glanced at the door next to it, the one with an 'X' on it. She considered going into X's door for a second, but, she needed Four. Four was the one who could give her the answers she was looking for. Bracing herself, she opened the door.

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A bright glare flashed in her eyes. She winced, using her side to block the sun. As the clouds blocked the sun, she opened her eyes.

This... wasn't what she expected. It was breathtaking. Towering mountains of rock loomed above her, their jagged peaks stretching toward the soft pink sky. Scattered among them were ancient temples and relics, remnants of a time long before Goiky. A faint purple glow shimmered over the landscape, casting an almost magical aura.

Bushes, shrubs, and vines wove through the ruins, nature slowly reclaiming what was left behind. The air felt still yet alive, buzzing with an energy she couldn't quite explain. Gaty had never seen anything like this before. Or... had she? A strange feeling tugged at the edges of her mind, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't remember.

In the distance, a crowd formed. *Contestants! She realised. They would help, probably. But how would she stay unnoticed?*

Four stood atop a pillar, Black Hole and Liy beside them.

"Oh, cool! I've been crushed down to a smaller size," Black Hole exclaimed, trying to sound satisfied. Gaty could tell he was making an effort, at least. Liy, on the other hand, wore a puzzled expression. The whole scene felt... oddly calm for such a ground-breaking discovery. At this point of time, Gaty was experiencing HUGE deja vu.

"What's this?" Liy asked, her tone flat.

Pie shrugged. Fanny, Book, and... herself?—all stood around Pie, their faces mirroring the same confusion.

"I don't know. Try squishing it," Pie suggested. Liy walked up towards Four, squishing the Algerbralian firmly. They made a jelly-like sound. Saw walked in on the scene, waving her arms.

"Hey!" She exclaimed, "Don't squish that! You don't know what it does." Liy's smile turned to a frown as she rolled her eyes.

Gaty had enough. She pushed through the crowd, careful not to draw attention—especially not to the fact that her counterpart was right infront of her. Four was still talking, it was something about forming eight teams of eight. Gaty shrugged; she didn't know the details. She just needed to get closer. Close enough to find Four. She squished through Spongy, nudged Dora, and carefully avoided Barfbag's barf.

Suddenly, everyone split apart. Gaty ducked for the ruin, hiding in the pillars. "Great. There goes my cover." She murmured to herself. Four was messing around with Loser's team. Gaty sneaked closer, careful not to get spotted. Once she was close enough, she ducked behind a wall,"Psst, over here, Four."

Four looked around. "X. Was that you!?" Four questioned their co-host, frowning. X shook their head. "Hmm..." Four started smiling again. "Must be nothing then!" Gaty facepalmed, watching in horror as the algebralians left to check out the other teams. She sighed, silently following them.

"Hey Spongy, can me and Bomby join your team?" A voice squeaked from near Gaty.

"Okay. But no burning me." Spongy replied briskly.

"No promises." Firey JR shrugged.

Spongy's smile turned upside down. "Wait-"

Gaty tiptoed past them, her heart racing with excitement. Just a little further now. Four and X were deep in conversation, laughing and unaware of her sneaky approach. This felt like the perfect moment to join in.

But then, disaster struck. "WOOAAH!" Gaty gasped as her foot slipped on a banana peel that Bomby had carelessly tossed aside. Her balance vanished in an instant, and she felt herself falling.

With a loud thud, she landed face-first on the pavement, a surprised "oof" escaping her lips. Warmth flooded her cheeks as she lay there, feeling a mix of embarrassment and frustration whilst a crowed gathered around her, expressions a mix of shock and amusement.

Great, just great—this was not how she imagined her plan going!

And standing in front of her, looking perplexed, was her alternate self.

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Clearly, non of you have read the 'IMPORTANT CHAPTER'. Glad to see that some of my fanbase are 9-year odl IPad kids. I don't want all my comments to be 'TPOO' so I'm changing the title back.

On a brighter note, I reccomend rewatching BFB 1 whilst reading this chapter!